LOOKING FORWARD

▶▶ Aside from its practical political aspect, which is discussed in the editorial page of this issue, Dr. John Dewey's project for a League of Independent Political Action ought to be of interest to every intelligent American whether or not he agrees with its philosophy as so far set forth.

▶▶ According to its secretary, the League has already taken some steps toward organization throughout the country, and has found a nation-wide demand for a new party, extending even to conservative business men who have become dissatisfied with the management and programs of both the major parties. While thus rooted mainly in discontent and dissatisfaction, the feeling of these groups is that something should be done about enlisting the interest of intelligent men and women everywhere, outside the present political machines, in public affairs.

▶▶ Admittedly the first step in such a project is an educational one, such as the Foreign Policy Association has taken in its particular field during the last few years. Actual political action and the formation, if necessary, of a third party may be some years away. "It may be 1940 before such a party could win the Presidency," says Dr. Dewey. Well, it may be longer than that. It may be never, as the third party is presented just now.

▶▶ But this consideration is beside the point, in our view. What matters is the final stirring, at last, of liberal intelligent men and women to a realization that democracy, if it is to continue to run its own affairs successfully, in a world infinitely more complicated than the signers of the Declaration of Independence visualized, must understand its new environment down to the ground and receive the united interest of its most intelligent members. Only through some such concerted effort can democracy hope either to function successfully or to withstand alien political and social philosophy like that now being tested in Russia.

▶▶ Obviously our governmental machine is constructed on eighteenth century political lines. Changes in it must be in the direction of a recognition that the world now presents a business and economic problem which must be progressively solved. At the same time, these changes must not be purchased at the expense of the hard won rights of the individual. The right of the individual citizen in his own way to pursue life, liberty and happiness as much as is socially possible is still the dominant creed of the intelligent American. How to solve the problems confronting us, while at the same time holding to what the Anglo-Saxon race has already won, is the basic problem of the future. Dr. Dewey's league will help.

Francis Rufus Bellamy.

OUTLOOK
and Independent

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Number 1

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Next Week . . . .

The Russian Bear in Business, by Guy Greer.

Some simple truth about the Five Year Plan for rehabilitation and industrialization of the Soviet Union—by an economist who has studied Russia for years and has gathered new material and observations from American experts who have been advising the Soviet authorities. The first of two articles.

A Cross for Connecticut Bossism, by Eugene A. Davidson.

An editorial portrait of the Yale Dean who won the governorship in face of the opposition of the Roraback Republican machine.

Norris—Insurgent, by Frederick R. Barkley.

What kind of man is this Nebraska Senator who calls himself a Republican and is fought by the G. O. P.? An answer to the question by a Washington correspondent.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, January 7, 1931. Volume 157, Number 1. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y, William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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MR. LUCAS FIGHTS FOR A PRINCIPLE

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

January 7, 1931

The Trend of Events

The Year at a Glance

CALVIN COOLIDGE turns journalist and alligator pear growers teach people how to eat alligator pears. Dwight W. Morrow comes out for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, which Judge Clark declares invalid, and Coste and Bellonte fly from Paris to New York. The Russian anti-religious campaign stirs up international protest and Bishop Cannon bulldozes the Senate lobby committee. The S. S. Europa sets a transatlantic record, America discusses the size of Primo Carnera's feet and the decline of food prices puts steak and chops on boardinghouse tables. Mussolini never stops reviewing troops for the newsreels.

Schmeling wins the heavyweight title from Sharkey on a foul and public opinion in some states forces advertisers of a new soft drink to add skirts to posters showing a pair of legs from the knees down. New York police beat tattoos on Communists and Michael Petrillo of Nutley, N. J., listens to the radio for 155 consecutive hours. Drought sweeps the country during the summer months and miniature golf becomes a national industry. Mrs. Doran publishes a book of recipes for kickless cocktails.

The Chrysler Building—world's tallest—is completed and backgammon boards sell like hot cakes. The R-101 crashes, the bodies of Andree and his companions are found, and some newspaper editors refuse to publish accounts of tree sittings. Judge Lindsey and Bishop Manning have a tiff in a cathedral over companionate marriage and Haile Selassie I is crowned in Ethiopia with appropriate splendor. The November elections result in wet and Democratic victories and Hoover grandchildren arrive to brighten Washington news dispatches. Stocks go down, down, down, Bobby Jones beats everybody else and retires, Sir Thomas Lipton receives a "good loser's" cup, Sinclair Lewis accepts the Nobel Prize and only antiquarians speak of the new economic era, dissatisfied employees and three-car garages.

And—

THE LONDON naval conference disappoints, the British imperial conference fails, the conference on India meets and West Point plays Annapolis. Charles Evans Hughes is appointed Chief Justice of the United States and the Dancing Masters' Association predicts the return of the old-fashioned waltz. H. L. Mencken marries Sara Powell Haardt and astronomers discover a new planet. Gandhi's non-violence movement gets under way in India, there is an earthquake in Italy and Zaro Agha arrives in the United States attributing his longevity to this and that. Six Latin-American countries stage successful revolutions.

Mabel Walker Willebrandt joins the grape growers and a New York crowd stampedes to see a film explaining Einstein's theory of relativity. Byrd returns from the South Pole and crowds collect around Austin cars. Congress passes the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, Amos 'n' Andy appear in the talkies, Mary Ware Dennett is vindicated and King Carol returns to Rumania. Associated physical directors declare the daily dozen not particularly beneficial to health and Aimee Semple McPherson and Ma Kennedy come to blows. The Wickersham Committee keeps on Wickershamming.

Helen Wills, Marie José of Belgium and Giovanna of Italy become brides, Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh, the Duchess of York and Princess Astrid of Sweden become mothers, and parrot fever, Humanism, cheaper books, long skirts for daytime wear, Grover Whalen's Communist documents and Will H. Hays' new code of movie morals turn out to be false alarms. Believe It or Not Ripley announces that the year did not end at midnight, December 31.

The Lucas Case

THE PROLONGED DISPUTE between Robert H. Lucas of the Republican National Committee and Senator Norris of Nebraska has opened a number of interesting questions. There are, for example, the questions of whether the Republican insurgents will help the regulars to organize the next Congress, as apparently they will; whether there is to be an extra session, as Senator Borah demands; whether the electoral college should be abolished, as Senator Norris desires; and whether there is to be a third party, as Professor John Dewey* believes there should be. Two questions, however, jut up beyond all others. They are, first, whether the Republican party is to remove Mr. Lucas from his position as Executive Director, and, second, whether the party is to disavow or support the insurgents.

The first is of the greater immediate importance. Though it is in danger of being obscured in a cloud of controversy, the issue here is perfectly simple. As Executive Director of the Republican National Committee, Mr. Lucas, using a fictitious name, ordered and paid for a low kind of campaign literature which

* See editorial on Page 10.

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he sent into Nebraska for use against the Republican candidate, Senator Norris, who was supposed to have the support of the Republican national, state and senatorial committees. In short, he stabbed Senator Norris in the back.

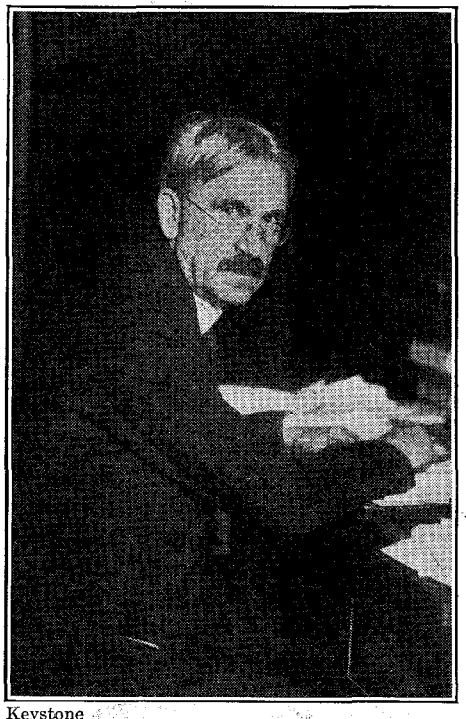
Senator Norris seems to grasp the essential issue quite completely. Lucas, he says, "has a perfect right to oppose me and to contribute money to bring about my defeat. But his sin is that he made his attack in the dark. He concealed his identity. . . . The weapons he used were indefensible." The first question, then, is whether the Republican party is going to endorse this conduct or kick Lucas out. There can be but one answer. Lucas should go.

After he has gone it will be entirely proper for the party to consider the second question, the question of principle about which Mr. Lucas began to shout after—not before, but after—the exposure of his offensive practice. If the Republican party, having expelled Lucas, wishes to go further and expel the insurgents, in particular if it wishes to follow Mr. Lucas' advice and expel Senator Norris, no independent observer will question its right to do so. To be sure, it would be bad politics for the party to disown its insurgents, which is reason enough for believing that it will not disown them, but it would be just and even logical. What is neither just nor logical is to debate the question of expelling the insurgents for their insurgency before debating the question of expelling Lucas for his treachery.

▶▶*From Rykoff Coolidge*

Under bitter attack from the Republican Left for failing to condemn Mr. Lucas' undercover work in Nebraska, President Hoover was suddenly subjected to savage fire from the Republican Right. Thus, while Trotzky Norris was lambasting Mr. Hoover as a former Democrat who "is likely to become a Democrat most any day," Rykoff Coolidge wrote a piece for the papers denouncing Mr. Hoover's agricultural program, embodied in the Farm Board. In his syndicated article for December 23, Mr. Coolidge declared: "In the general field of business, whether of industry or agriculture, government interference in an attempt to maintain prices out of the treasury is almost certain to make matters worse instead of better. It disorganizes the whole economic fabric. It is a wrong method because it does not work . . . . Price fixing, subsidies and government support will only produce unhealthy business."

The Coolidge statement increased dissension in the wrangling Republican party. It caused much fluttering and headshaking in the White House secretariat. It set tongues wagging to the effect that Mr. Coolidge had launched his candidacy for the Republican nomination in 1932. It drew a scornful reference from Chairman Legge of the Farm Board to Mr. Coolidge's 1927 speech to the farmers of South Dakota, wherein the former-President came out boldly in favor of spiritual values. It recalled that Mr. Hoover has done a complete about-face on farm relief, having condemned price-fixing in a message to Congress a year ago and approved the work of the price-fixing Farm Board in a message to Congress a month ago.



Keystone

PLANNING A THIRD PARTY
Professor John Dewey, chairman of the League for Independent Political Action

Deliberately or not, the Coolidge article was published within twenty-four hours after Mr. Hoover had signed the bill, which Congress recently passed at his request, providing another $150,000,000 for the Farm Board's revolving fund. Angry Eastern Republicans, endorsing Mr. Coolidge's views, point out that the fund has now absorbed $400,000,000 and that the farm relief program is proving a costly failure. But it is one thing for the President's major policies to be questioned by the ordinary citizen, and quite another thing for them to be questioned by former-President Coolidge. Sometimes Mr. Hoover must envy Joseph Stalin, who banishes his Trotzkys from the country and drops his Rykoffs into oblivion.

▶▶*Home Cooking in Russia*

On December 22 the usually accurate Associated Press cabled from Moscow that the Central Committee of the Communist party had published a decree revising Russia's entire food distributing system. The story was front page news in America, even for such papers as the New York *Times, World* and *Herald Tribune,* which have their own Moscow correspondents. Relating that the Communists had pilloried the Commissariat (Department) of Internal Supply as clogged with anti-Soviet agents, the story said the decree had ordered a gradual conversion of the food supply system from individual forms to those of collective consumption.

Russian restaurants, it said, were to be placed under control of the workers themselves, prices were to be reduced, food was to be improved and wasted time eliminated in order to stimulate the socialization of food distribution and to abolish home cooking. Declarations were quoted from the decree indicating that the new system was intended to increase the productivity of the worker, encourage socialist forms of labor and combat desertions from the labor front. "This last," wrote the A. P. correspondent, "means in effect that only those who work and give whole-souled cooperation to the Communist policies will eat."

Actually it means nothing of the sort. For the simple reason that the "decree" was no decree at all but a "resolution" of the Communist party. The Associated Press was advised of this error by the Soviet News Agency *Tass,* which sends dispatches from America to Russia. Yet of the millions of Americans who read the headlines on December 23 ("Soviet Takes Over All Food Supplies to End Home Cooking," said the New York *Times*) comparatively few could have seen the diminutive correction buried inside subsequent issues. The resolution means merely that the Communist party has agreed upon the principles of the food supply policy, that all argument within the party on these principles is barred, and that the members of the party (about one per cent

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of Russia's population) are pledged to support them by speeches and votes. Hence the action is comparable to a decision in an American party caucus, though no American party can dictate the course of the government in Washington as the Communist party can dictate the course of the government in Moscow. Soviet Russia has gone far toward complete collectivism, but it has not yet gone so far as to **ban** home cooking.

▶▶*Plot of the Year*

THE outstanding plot-discoverer of the recent year was undoubtedly Archbishop Pascual Diaz of Mexico. It was Archbishop Diaz who, in the closing days of December, charged Americans with attempting to implant Protestantism in Mexico as a means of gradually absorbing that nation into the United States. He found Protestantism, "the mother and source of innumerable heresies," advancing on his country with a two-edged sword. American Protestants, he said, were attempting to aggravate the religious unrest in Mexico through propaganda disguised as "evangelism." Again, the Americans were using excellent sports departments, libraries and other inducements in beguiling Mexican youth to propaganda centers designed to weaken the faith of Catholics and destroy their customs. Though he acquitted the United States government of having any intentional prejudice, he found that Protestantism was but one of the instruments being used by the United States "to dominate and realize its imperialism in our land."

It cannot, however, be said that all this is up to the splendid standards set by the plot-discoverers of previous years. It is certainly not the peer of the peerless plot-discovering done during our presidential campaign of 1928. We recall particularly the discovery of the plot of American Catholics to build a 5,000-mile tunnel to Rome, so that the Pope might creep unobserved into the White House after the election of Candidate Smith. The American Protestants who exposed that plot will feel, and rightly feel, that by comparison with their own achievement the plot-discovering of Archbishop Diaz is feeble stuff.

▶▶*Prophecies, New Style*

FOR A FULL YEAR after the beginning of the business depression, the pollyanna prophet, in good health and voice, strode unceasingly through the headlines. Business, he assured us, had suffered but a temporary, insignificant setback. Within a few weeks prosperity would return to the dizzy levels of 1929. The bulls would again be gamboling through Wall Street, the bears would take to cover and the pessimists—*i.e.*, all who doubted his glad tidings—would be shamed and confounded. But something serious seems to have happened to the pollyanna prophet during the past two months. He has appeared in public very rarely, and during the past few weeks not at all. There are reports that he is sick of being 100 per cent wrong and is not expected to survive.

International

SPOTS A PLOT

Archbishop Pascual Diaz fears absorption of Mexico into United States

At any rate, the economic predictions made at the end of December differed sharply from those made at the end of June. Nowadays we are not likely to be told that prosperity is just around the corner, ready to return with a rush. More typical of today's predictions is that by Irving T. Bush, of the Bush Terminal Company, who, while he expects "a final spasm in the security market, followed by a period of stagnation," also expects "slowly improving conditions in 1931 and a decided improvement by the end of the new year." Both Mr. Bush and Sir Josiah Stamp, British economist, believe that the recovery will be felt first in the United States. Sir Josiah doubts that the worst of the depression will be over before April or May and prophesies that the recovery will not gain much momentum before 1932. Similarly, the National Industrial Conference Board declares that the recovery "will probably be very gradual and may be upon us before we are aware of it." The board believes that the "normal" business we may hopefully expect by the end of 1931 will be genuinely normal—about half way between the bottom of the depression and the peak of prosperity. It points out that "many competent authorities say that we cannot hope that 1931 business will exceed 1930 business by any large margin."

These statements are temperate and realistic enough to satisfy anyone. It is possible to have some respect for them, since they are obviously dictated by the facts, so far as the facts are ascertainable, rather than by politics or empty-headed optimism.

▶▶*Power Referendum*

WITH Congress still deadlocked on Muscle Shoals, peculiar significance may be attached to the power referendum of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. By a vote of 2,640 to 157, the hundreds of commercial organizations and trade associations holding membership have declared—among other things—that the government should sell or lease the Muscle Shoals power plants. Essentially that is the House of Representatives plan which, with Senator Norris' plan of government operation, adopted by the Senate, has been in the hands of a conference committee representing the two houses since Congress convened on December 1.

Whatever influence the Chamber of Commerce lobby may have on the disposal of Muscle Shoals, the referendum is of greater interest when viewed in the light of the November elections. With voters in more than a dozen states raining intentional or unintentional blows at the so-called power trust, the victories of anti-trust candidates on November 4 were so striking as to indicate a waning of public antagonism to government entrance into power development. Yet the Chamber of Commerce referendum now shows that in at least one class of citizens the antagonism is as strong as ever. The

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Chamber voted ten to one against any development or distribution of power by the state governments, against any distribution of power by the federal government and against any development of power by the federal government except when this is "an essential part of national or international projects that cannot be successfully carried out by other agencies." It voted as overwhelmingly for state, rather than federal, regulation of intrastate utilities and even favored regulation of interstate utilities through concurrent action by state agencies, with the Federal Power Commission keeping hands off except when the states fail to agree.

The referendum thus aligns the policy of the Chamber of Commerce with the policy of the power interests themselves. Noting this, many a politician may go a little easier on the power interests than he had intended to after the November elections. Instead of striking out with might and main, he may quietly attempt to discover to what extent the Chamber of Commerce represents public opinion.

▶▶*The Wagner Bills*

In our last issue we noted the findings of the Rockefeller-financed Industrial Relations Counselors on unemployment insurance in the United States—covering little more than a hundred thousand of our 23 million wage-earners. We pointed out that, in conformity with the counselors' conclusion that a wide coverage of unemployment insurance "will come only through legislation," the American Association for Labor Legislation had prepared a bill to be introduced this winter in twenty state legislatures. The bill would require employers to set aside a fixed percentage of their payrolls for unemployment insurance, just as they set aside funds for accident compensation and for payment of dividends.

Senator Wagner of New York now advances a plan to extend federal aid to this and other projects for insuring wages. Not long ago he introduced a bill in Congress to exempt from federal taxation all contributions to unemployment insurance funds, whether made by employers or employees, and all incomes earned by these funds. He now plans to supplement this bill with another providing that, should any state contribute to an unemployment insurance fund, the federal government would pay into the fund one-third of the amount contributed by the state. Furthermore, he will ask for the appointment of a congressional committee to study all forms of wage insurance used by foreign governments or by private industries in the United States.

Senator Wagner strikes close to the heart of the problem in pointing out that "unemployment to the man affected is as much an accident as an injury is," and in concluding that, "if the man out of employment can draw unemployment insurance, his purchasing power continues and he can help to keep up the whole economic structure." The Senator maintains that waves of unemployment are inevitable, though their size can be greatly reduced by stabilizing industry and constructing public works.

International

CHAMPION OF THE JOBLESS
Senator Robert F. Wagner sponsors several bills for relief of unemployment

Congress would do well to give all three of Senator Wagner's unemployment insurance measures serious consideration. It would also do well to pass two of his bills left over from the last session, one providing for a nation-wide system of employment exchanges, the other for the preparation of a public works program six years in advance.

▶▶*Base Suspicion*

Bung up the borders and the bootlegger operates along the coastlines. Drive him away from the coasts and he opens up a brewery. Close down his brewery and he diverts industrial alcohol. Discourage his use of industrial alcohol and he turns to corn sugar. Thus the principal effect of enforcement is to change his source of supply.

Hitherto one of the principal sources has been industrial alcohol, which bootleggers have diverted on a wholesale basis and from which they have removed the poisonous denaturants. Not long ago Washington announced the discovery of new non-poisonous denaturants intended to make the illicit use of industrial alcohol unpractical. It was said that the cost of cooking out the nauseating new compounds would drive the bootlegger into bankruptcy. Yet now we are told that the denaturants heralded so widely a few weeks ago really don't amount to much, since nowadays bootleggers are using very little commercial alcohol, but a great deal of alcohol made of corn sugar.

Suspicious fellows, all given over to wickedness, profess to see a connection between the new denaturants and the government's desire to increase the consumption of corn. That desire, they say, was recently indicated when Secretary of Agriculture Hyde, against all precedent, ruled that the use of corn sugar in prepared foods need not be stated on labels. Mr. Hyde pointed out that the country produces too much corn—about 2,700,000,000 bushels annually—and declared that finding new uses and new outlets for crops is one way of re-establishing the economic balance of agriculture. The suspicious fellows go so far as to imply that the present effort to decrease the illicit use of industrial alcohol may be due to the present effort to increase the use of corn sugar.

We suppose the connection is more plausible than real. We suppose the government would grieve if the bootleg industry enriched the farmers by providing an enormous market for corn sugar. Just as it grieves—or rather, much more than it grieves—when the grape growers it finances sell a concentrate for wine-making in the home in direct violation of the Volstead act. We suppose, in short, that the suspicious fellows are too suspicious.

▶▶*For the Farmer*

The ruling that the use of corn sugar in prepared foods need no longer be stated on labels drew fire from Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley, widow of the former chief of the Agriculture Department's chemistry bureau. Mrs. Wiley declared that the ruling weakened the pure food laws for which Dr. Wiley fought a years-long fight. She told how the movement to secure the ruling—failing through years of lobbying in Congress

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—was renewed within a few days after the death of her husband, last June 30, and how a hearing in July brought "such a storm of protest from all groups that the Secretary delayed action until the present time."

Mrs. Wiley held that the ruling was not sought by consumers, food manufacturers, distributors or officials charged with enforcement of the federal and state food laws. She described an announcement by the president of the Association of State and Federal Dairy and Food Officials to the effect that all state food officials except two were "unalterably opposed to a ruling of this nature." Yet Mrs. Wiley's objections are perhaps as irrelevant as Secretary Hyde's defense that in twenty-five years corn sugar has changed from a "muddy brown product less than fifty per cent sweet" to a "clear, clean, white, granulated sugar, a wholesome and healthful food, about seventy-five per cent as sweet as cane sugar."

The real issue lies in the fact that, as the Secretary puts it, the ruling "will aid in some degree in reestablishing the economic balance of agricultural products." What else matters by comparison with his prediction that the ruling will result in the annual consumption of from five to a hundred million more bushels of corn? Is not the farmer, under the all-wise Volstead act, exempt from the absolute prohibition imposed on the city man? Isn't it wrong for the government to go into business and right for the government to go into the farm business? Well, then, what's a mere pure food law between friends of the farmer?

▶▶*Trisecting An Arc*

MATHEMATICIANS are from Missouri over this heavily headlined trisection of an arc. Newspaper accounts state that the trisector is George A. Hurd, a Boston manufacturer who has given the problem ten years of his life. He is seconded by Professor Harold A. Zager of the mathematics department at Boston College.

Trisecting arcs is a favorite indoor sport. Persons is a position to know say that at least a hundred ready reckoners, not all of them cranks, sit down and plug away at this problem every night. The editor of one scientific journal reports that, without solicitation or provocation, his magazine has received one "solution" a week since it was founded in 1845. The problem gets hold of you. First you try to recall how you used to do it at school. Next you discover it was not the trisection of an arc, but the trisection of an angle or the bisection of an arc—both rudimentary—that you used to achieve at the blackboard. Soon you are trapped. Eventually you become one of the innumerable geometers who, from the time of the Greeks, have given up the problem in despair or died without solving it, usually both. Somehow it does not discourage arc addicts to hear mathematicians say it can be proved that no solution can ever be found.

But, anyway, what of it? Supposing the arcs were actually trisected. Is this anything more than a mere problem in mathematics, like squaring the circle? In a word, yes. Science would welcome a way to trisect an arc and immediately put it to work. Navigators would use it, so would astronomers and so would many others. It is noteworthy that Messrs. Hurd and Zager are loath to explain their solution in detail since they plan to have it copyrighted. Lacking the exact proof, however, mathematicians continue to be Missourians.

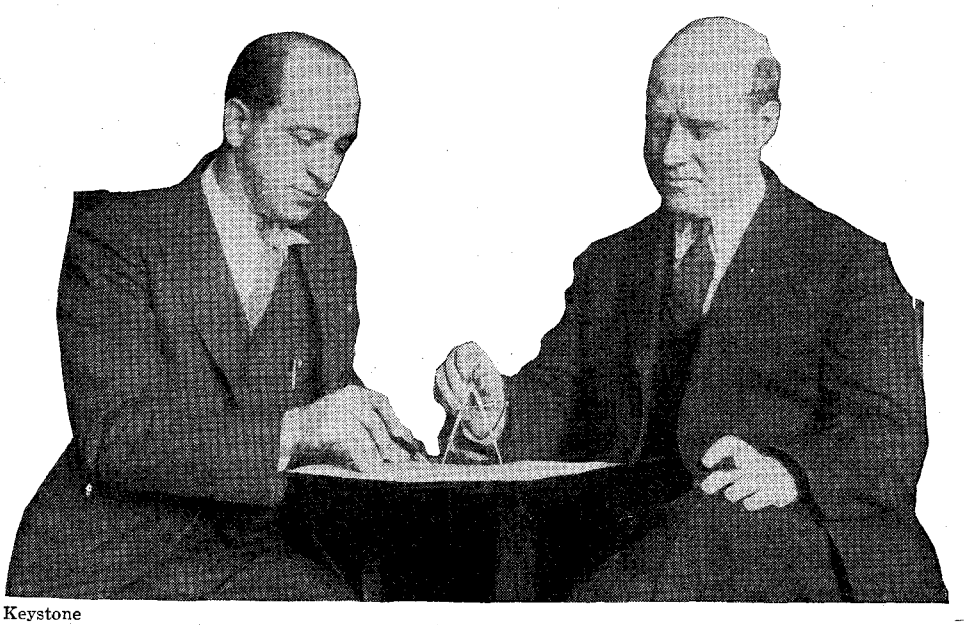
▶▶*Steel Merger Defeated*

THE DECISION OF Judge Jenkins in the Common Pleas Court at Youngstown, Ohio, enjoining the billion-dollar merger of the Youngstown Steel & Tube Company with the Bethlehem Steel Corporation brings an end to one of the most dramatic law suits in the history of American industry. The proceedings involved two outstanding units in one of the world's basic industries, cost some two to three million dollars, and occasioned reverbations which kept the merger in the headlines for months.

The fight against the merger, which had been approved by the Youngstown directors last March and authorized by two-thirds of their stockholders in April, was led by Cyrus S. Eaton, forty-seven-year-old financier of Cleveland. Against Mr. Eaton, who controlled a constantly increasing minority group of Youngstown shareholders, were pitted such veterans as Eugene G. Grace, president of Bethlehem; James M. Campbell, chairman of the Youngstown company, and Henry G. Dalton, a director in both companies. Their corps of attorneys was headed by Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War under Wilson. As the proceedings swept through summer into fall there came a series of revelations, charges and counter-charges, interrupted by the death of Myron C. Wick, Jr., of the Eaton group and the suicide of Leroy A. Manchester, chief of counsel for the Youngstown company.

Against the wishes of merger proponents, the Eaton group revealed Bethlehem's bonus system, whereby $3,600,000 was paid to its executives in 1929, of which some $1,600,000 went to President Grace. Again the Eaton group hammered at the efficiency of the public accountants who had been employed to acquaint the Youngstown shareholders with the facts of the merger.

Judge Jenkins stressed the bonus system as a factor which should not have been hidden from the Youngstown shareholders. He polished off the accountants



Keystone

BAY STATE EUCLIDS

Arc trisectors Harold A. Zager and George A. Hurd of Boston

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as men "certainly not untrammeled" in their reports, which "had a misleading tendency, whether intentionally or not." Yet his basic reason for declaring the merger invalid was that the directors of the Youngstown company did not supply themselves nor the shareholders with adequate information—"a shocking and outstanding feature of this case."

In its broadest implications the decision of Judge Jenkins does not reflect upon mergers but upon the responsibility of directors who vote for or against mergers. "No matter how powerful the corporation, how extensive its property holdings or financial interest," he writes, "its workings and very existence even are subject to the direction, approval and will of the people, expressed through its government, laws and courts." These words are not novel, yet they express truths often missed in these days of gigantic mergers and equally gigantic failures.

▶▶*The Issue in Chicago*

THE OPENING OF Chicago's mayoralty campaign recalls the findings of a Cook County grand jury last September. After an investigation into crime and racketeering the grand jury declared that there was "a well-established three-cornered alliance between the Chicago police department, corrupt politicians and the criminal element." The pungent statement suggests the audacity of Big Bill Thompson's candidacy for a fourth term as Mayor. Nor does Thompson seem any less audacious when he bases his candidacy on his record, twelve years chiefly noted for escapades of the Cole Blease-Tom Heflin variety, such as a bankrupt city treasury and a one-sided battle with King George.

Innocently asking if anybody had "built more bridges, widened more miles of streets or equalled me in doubling Chicago's water supply," Big Bill opened his campaign with eyes and mouth shut to Chicago's principal problems—city finances and racketeering. Not so his opponents, of whom the Republican party is producing several while the Democrats concentrate on County Commissioner Anton J. Cermak, a former candidate for the United States Senate. Among those who would wrestle the Republican nomination from Big Bill is Municipal Judge John H. Lyle, forty-eight-year-old amateur boxer, who made the front pages last September by resurrecting an anti-vagrancy law of 1874 to combat the twenty-six racketeers listed as "public enemies" by the Chicago Crime Commission. Judge Lyle has hopped into the political ring as spiritedly as, and more sanely than, he hopped on the racketeers, pledging that if he is elected he will eliminate waste in the city administration and dissolve the triple alliance of policemen, politicians and criminals.

Whether he or any other candidate can fulfil such pledges is problematical. Yet it is not hard to believe that Lyle would be an improvement on Thompson as Mayor, as who, for the matter of that, would not? The paramount issue for Chicago is to get rid of Mayor Thompson, whose presence in City Hall stimulates waste in administration and prevents an effective attack from being made on racketeering. Many intelligent Chicagoans must be hoping and praying that Big Bill will be defeated in the election on April 8, or, better still, in the Republican primary on February 24.

Wide World

AGIN THE GANGS

John H. Lyle, candidate for the Republican nomination for mayor of Chicago

▶▶*Truckman Triumphant*

THOSE thousands of poor, put-upon people, who have suffered annoyances, insults and outrages during the attempt to enforce the unenforceable dry laws, have at long last found a champion. The trouble is, no one seems to know his name. All that is known about him is that he drives a truck, speaks with a brogue and stands on his rights like a rock.

Two days before Christmas, state troopers stopped him in Bay Shore, Long Island, and ordered him to descend from his seat. "What for?" he demanded, according to a news item in the New York *Times*. " 'We're going to search the truck,' replied the troopers. 'Not here, you're not,' came the reply. 'Any searching you do will be done at the station house.' The troopers went into a huddle and decided that the driver knew his constitutional points, whereupon a procession of two state trooper cars and the truck started off," with a crowd of bystanders, to the station house.

There, says the *Times* story, the driver was ordered to unload, but told the troopers they were doing the searching. "To the accompaniment of jeers from the crowd, three troopers unloaded the cargo. They found that the truck's sixty bags of potatoes were just sixty bags of potatoes—nothing more. They told the driver he might go. The truckman looked at the bags lying on the ground and asked: 'What about me spuds?' He was informed he could reload them. 'Not me,' said he. The troopers called another huddle and proceeded to put back the sacks on the truck. Then, thinking the truck might be overloaded, they proceeded to weigh it. The driver looked on and said: 'You've counted sixty sacks of 100 pounds each. That makes 6,000 pounds where I went to school. Look at the side of the truck and you'll see it's marked for ten-ton capacity.' He clambered back into his seat and started off for the city. The troopers returned to their quarters, blushing and perspiring."

Hosts of readers will put this down as the best worm-will-turn story of 1930. The Association Against the Prohibition Amendment would make a ten-strike by finding this hero and putting him to work for the benefit of a sadly harassed citizenry.

▶▶*Report on Prisons*

FOUR PRISON RIOTS in the summer of 1929 drew public attention abruptly to problems of penology. With two of the revolts in New York State prisons—the two others were at the federal penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kansas, and the near-by state prison in Lansing, Kansas—the legislature at Albany authorized an investigation by a commission empowered to formulate a new prison policy. The commission's preliminary report comes to hand with public interest still warm, thanks to more

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revolts and a disastrous fire last spring in the state penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio.

Four recommendations of the commission make the report of interest in states whose prison officials have looked to New York for ideas. These are: employment of more psychiatrists to examine and classify convicts; development of smaller prisons (not over 1,000 inmates) so that wardens may know their charges and deal with them more intelligently; separation of the convicts into three types of prisons, and, to that end, construction of a prison of the "medium security" type. This prison is to bridge the gap between the "minimum security" road camps, of which more are proposed, and the "maximum security" prisons or Bastilles. The commission does not advocate the construction of more maximum security prisons but recommends the expenditure of eight million dollars to remodel those now in use. As for the new medium security prison, the commission proposes that it house but 500 men of the less intractable type, each living in his own barred room—not cell—working in adjoining shops and securing intensified training designed to rehabilitate him by the time he is discharged.

The recommendations seem sound. If adopted, they might do much to prevent revolts in the next decade, during which, the commission estimates, New York's prison population will increase from 8,000 to 11,500. Fortunately New York voters have already approved a fifty million dollar bond issue to be split between prisons and hospitals. If ten millions are used to start this prison program and fifteen to keep it going, New York prisons may soon attract public attention for their order rather than their disorder.

▶▶*On Cashing the Bonus*

THOSE ARE highly dubious bills which have been introduced in Congress under the guise of relieving the effects of depression by allowing World War veterans to convert their twenty-year endowment insurance certificates into cash at this time rather than upon their maturity in 1945-48. Suggestions that the government redeem these certificates, provided by Congress in 1925, have come from both Democrats and Republicans, who differ on the extent of the proposed redemption but unite in saying that cash payments would extricate many veterans from difficult situations and start a wave of spending which would hasten the revival of business.

The bills must meet the same objections, whether they provide payment of the full value of the certificates, as suggested by Representative Garner, Democratic floor leader of the House, or payment of one-quarter of the value, as suggested by Representative Fish, Republican. One may dismiss the failure of the American Legion to endorse the project and pass over Secretary Mellon's objection that the cost would run into billions. Whatever the cost (Garner himself spoke of a billion dollars), there is no more reason to finance jobless ex-service men than to finance jobless men in general. Indeed, the ex-service men already receive special favors in most states and can borrow on their certificates.

On the other hand, talk of reviving business by encouraging an orgy of spending indicates that the measures might work against the interests of the ex-service men themselves. Why should ex-service men be expected to convert their government insurance into cash and spend the proceeds when other citizens are not expected to do likewise with their private insurance? In both cases there would be disadvantages to the spenders not compensated for by the temporary advantage to the business world.

Moreover, the cash payment would explode the strongest argument for insurance compensation—that of providing payments to ex-service men after they have passed the most productive periods of their lives. Topping off these objections is the danger of renewing pension agitation in Congress. With the insurance certificates in the hands of ex-service men much clamor for pensions is avoided. Should they be cashed and spent, there would be little to prevent a repetition of the pension orgies following the Civil War.

Remarkable Remarks

The trying experiences through which we are passing may ultimately be a fine thing for us.—THOMAS W. LAMONT.

If we do not get what we want, we probably get more of what we ought to have.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

I believe that the remedy for unemployment is employment.—CHARLES H. TUTTLE.

There have been a great number of wars, but the fight for prohibition means more to me than all the wars we have fought and it should mean the same to every American.—THOMAS A. EDISON.

Reform in general is all right. Individual reformers are all hell.—SINCLAIR LEWIS.

At heart "Red [Sinclair] Lewis is almost fanatical in his idealism and his evangelism.—PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

I do not care for money and own to the somewhat vainglorious boast of never having consciously written a line with any thought of its marketability in mind.—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

In women, courage and a majority of the other good qualities are more highly developed than in men. Conceit, which is useful because it encourages us, keeps men from knowing it.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

No other business in New York is so in need of the feminine touch as the taxi industry.—O. O. MCINTYRE.

The aristocratic look in the eyes of a Pekingese is not convincing evidence that he is free from fleas. He may be just too refined to scratch.—ROY W. HOWARD.

▶▶*In Brief*

SADDENING to hear that people who bought fraudulent stocks lost half a billion dollars last year. Still, think how much better off they are than people who bought non-fraudulent stocks. . . A Wall Street broker writes in to say that he sees by the papers where Sir James Jeans, British scientist, believes we may be living in the midst of a great explosion of the universe, and that he, personally, wouldn't doubt it . . . . It is announced that paid subscriptions to the *Congressional Record* number less than a thousand, which goes to show how little the country appreciates first-rate humor . . . . A spokesman for Great Britain has asked Italy and France to join the London naval pact. What a pity no one ever thought of doing that before . . . . Executive Director Lucas thinks that men who bolt the Republican party's presidential candidates should be expelled from the party, and it is revealed that he himself bolted the Republican presidential candidate in 1912. So that, if nobody else removes Mr. Lucas, he with his respect for consistency will doubtless remove himself.

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Dr. Dewey's Third Party

An Editorial

IF IT HAS accomplished nothing else, Dr. Dewey's invitation to Senator Norris to head a new party has brought forth the practical reasons which keep politicians in the ranks of the old parties. Says Senator Borah: "No parties can be successfully organized by a few men or a few leaders, however able and sincere they may be. New parties have to come up from the grass roots. It takes some single dominating issue, accompanied by a dramatic crisis, to swing people from their old moorings into new positions. There are at least four or five vital issues before our people, and a new party could not agree on a platform on all of them, and could not satisfy the constituency on all of them, any more than can the old parties. Take power, prohibition, farm relief and the duty of the state and national governments, respectively, with reference to at least two great problems—who will write a platform that will weld together any few leaders, who will weld together constituencies throughout the country?"

Apparently not Dr. Dewey. Says his letter to Mr. Norris: "The Republican party stands for 'rugged' individualism. You stand for social planning and social control. Republican leaders believe that by giving free rein to private competition somehow they will build a better world. You believe that in this complicated age that method is impossible, but that society must plan for its production and consumption. The controlling wing of the Republican party places property rights first. You place human rights first.

"These are antagonistic philosophies. The Republican party is a house divided against itself. You cannot put new wine into old bottles, and we shall never be able to put this new philosophy of government into either of the old parties. Just as the Whig party split on the issue of slavery, the Republican party will divide on this issue of social planning versus rugged individualism.

"The Democratic party stands for exactly the same principles as the Republican party and its machinery is controlled by the same invested groups. If the Democratic party comes into power its insurgents will receive the same treatment from it that you receive from your party. The new political philosophy needs its own incarnation.

"Millions of progressives over the United States are disgusted with the old parties and are longing for a new political alignment. At this Christmas season will you not renounce both of these old parties and help give birth to a new party based upon the principle of planning and control for the purpose of building happier lives, a more just society and that peaceful world which was the dream of Him whose birthday we celebrate this Christmas Day? The terrible suffering in this unemployment crisis, the increasing fear of insecurity, the exploitation by public utility companies and other monopolies resulting in our unjust distribution of wealth, and the nationalism and militarism which brought on the World War, will be repeated under the present political leadership. A new party with your philosophy of life could stop these evils."

Questioned further as to definite proposals of the new political philosophy Dr. Dewey specified a scheme of unemployment insurance—combined federal and state action—but urged that "more preliminary work in building up some kind of political and social point of view can get people together who naturally agree in their ideals." In other words, political education for the future, instead of campaign slogans and red fire for the present, with "social planning" as opposed to "rugged individualism" as the main issue.

Is this enough upon which to build a new party which will sweep away both old parties? Sympathetic as we are toward Dr. Dewey's idea of education for political action—this journal is edited from precisely such a point of view—sympathetic as we are, we beg leave to doubt the practicability of any such platform to form one party which will get action at the polls. Senator Norris, apparently unmindful of already mounting expenses of senatorial direct primaries, replies to Dr. Dewey with a suggestion that direct election of Presidents is the first thing to consider. Senator Borah points out that such a vital issue as prohibition is not even mentioned. Defenders of tariff legislation remark that both parties are in favor of the tariff rates because the crowd wants them, even though economists don't, and Democrats argue that where specific proposals for unemployment are concerned Senator Wagner has already introduced bills into Congress embodying most of Dr. Dewey's specific suggestions. In addition, where power is in question, in what particular does either Dr. Dewey or Senator Norris differ from Franklin Roosevelt? In brief, Dr. Dewey admirably summarizes intelligent discontent with the slowness of democracy. But he suggests no popular way by which that discontent can be capitalized into mass action. Nor does he make crystal clear to the man in the election booth any principle of the new "political philosophy" which he can seize and hold to—unless it be the principle long since urged by the Socialists, i.e. "social planning vs. rugged individualism." Everybody is in favor of "planning and control for the purpose of building happier lives, a more just society, and that peaceful world" of Christ's Creed. Mr. Hoover said a good deal along this line. Mr. Coolidge has always been strongly in favor of "spiritual values." But how is all this to be brought about? The only argument is over methods, even, we venture to believe, among those callous people who bought and still hold utility stocks; even among those wets and drys who argue so angrily about prohibition.

The practical trouble with all liberals in politics, as Emily Newell Blair pointed out in this journal, is that each one has his own creed of liberalism and would rather be right than President. In so far as either party at various times tends to be a liberal party, it tends to lose elections to an opponent who at the moment does not care for ideas as much as he cares to win. What, then, would be the final destination of a wholly liberal party?

Our sincere advice to Dr. Dewey and the League for Independent Political Action is to consider the Anti-Saloon League, how it works and the results it has achieved. Major Curran and the three organizations opposed to prohibition are following in the footsteps of these redoubtable drys and in so doing are well advised. Once Dr. Dewey's League is well enough organized to put forward clear proposals and obtain nation-wide, local support for them, it too can secure what the people want from both old parties. Practically speaking this is the way our government works. As Mr. Coolidge remarks: "Our people are not third party minded. They believe all necessary re-

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forms can be secured within old parties and that they are the best instruments of government."

In other words, practical politicians will not leave the old parties. They will influence their own party when sufficiently pressed. But otherwise they are like the man who, whenever he heard a thing which particularly expressed his ideas, always rushed to his wife in order to irritate her with it. Divorce was the last thing he wanted.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WITH ALL DEFERENCE to President Hoover's political counselors, who think that early discussion and dynamiting of any third-party movement is all to the merry for them, we feel that plain speaking on that subject by the Progressives may have unanticipated effects in 1932 and thereafter. Those wise old political owls —Senators Norris and Borah —are not, to our mind, merely giving vent to grievances in their current criticism of the conservative wing of the party. Both of them, safely ensconced in their Senate seats for six more years, feel that now is the moment to further inculcate in the electorate the spirit of independence and insurgency which they have exhibited on the Senate floor for so many years.

When Mr. Borah predicts that the political situation two years hence will be "chaos," he is expressing a hope as well as what may be reality. Both men are exulting at the disruption of party lines that marked the recent election, even in such conservative commonwealths as Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Colorado. They pray that the smashing of Republican and Democratic solidarity will continue, and, though both gentlemen deeply dislike President Hoover, in their own sour and silent way they are grateful that he, who once forswore all organized political activity, has hastened the day of a bloodless revolution at the ballot box.

Despite their idealism, both these elderly statesmen are, first of all, political realists, as any review of their career reveals. Mr. Borah, though he served as Theodore Roosevelt's advocate in the delegation contests at Chicago in 1912, scurried back to Boise once the convention closed, and said nary a word on behalf of his distinguished and rebellious associate. Likewise in 1924, when "Old Bob" La Follette tried to torpedo the Republican ship of state, the Senator from Idaho remained aboard the party craft as a stilly and sulky seaman. We have frequently accused Mr. Borah of trimming in those trying times—and maybe he was—but it seems clear now that his principal reason for regularity was his belief that all sorts of failure followed from an open revolt, and no gain. Mr. Norris, though we understand that he voted for both Roosevelt and La Follette, trailed along with his colleague until, in 1928, he decided that he could endure it no longer.

Chapin in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Moses in the bullrushes?

What they look for—perhaps, as Mr. Norris fears, "long after we have died" —is a political division based on economic and social lines, in which the clash between Progressives and Conservatives shall come at the polls as well as on Capitol Hill. Both of them, we happen to know, have given great study and thought to this question, and to them it transcends the purely partisan and political quarrel over that vague thing known as "regularity." They see, for instance, the prospect of a break between the nationally and internationally minded groups in the Republican party and in the Democratic party —between the let's-love-Europe group represented by that eminent volunteer statesman, Otto H. Kahn, and the made-in-America coterie captained by Joseph R. Grundy of Pennsylvania; between Democratic factions led, respectively, by Owen D. Young and, meaning no disparagement of Mr. Young, Cotton Tom Heflin. They also look for—and, as the greatest obstacle in their outlook, dread —a serious split between the wets and the drys in both parties. Above and beyond these issues and personalities they can see millions of the younger generation emerging from the schools and the colleges to search in vain for a true leader. He may not arise for many years to come— neither Senator considers himself properly fitted for the rôle, if only by reason of his age—but each has a firm faith that some political Messiah will rise to deliver the children of America from the bondage of traditional and meaningless partisanship.

Meanwhile, they will undoubtedly continue to cherish and nourish their grudges against Mr. Hoover and against those who are aligned with the Administration inside and outside the Senate chamber. They will be aligned against him, silently but, we have reason to think, effectively, in 1932. Indeed, we venture to predict that only a few Senators will be prepared to furnish active assistance to the President two years hence. As "Jim" Couzens remarked to "young Bob" La Follette, who had expressed curiosity concerning the identity of those Senators who were accused by the President of "playing politics at the expense of human misery"—"I think he meant almost all of us." And, after all, that is certainly no way for Republican Senators to feel toward a Republican President, even though it is quite obvious that the President reciprocates.

A. F. C.

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Bravery *vs.* Ballyhoo

How America Honors Her Heroes of the Air

By C. B. ALLEN

ONE thinks of the air that carries flying men to fame as a place where things are clean and unsullied. Then one comes to the Distinguished Flying Cross, created by Congress more than four years ago as a special award for airmen and since bestowed some eighty odd times.

Here faith suffers something of a shock, partly because of those to whom this coveted medal has been given, but more because of those to whom it has been denied. The ugly thought obtrudes that the D.F.C. has strayed from its original conception as a material acknowledgment of "heroism or extraordinary achievement while participating in an aerial flight" and degenerated somewhat into the plaything of politicians and a pawn in the hands of the Ballyhoo Boys. Public clamor, private press agents and powerful friends in Washington apparently pave an easier path to the Distinguished Flying Cross than any amount of daring or brilliant airmanship.

An analysis of the awards of this decoration is in itself an amazing arraignment of the system now defeating the destiny of the Distinguished Flying Cross. One finds it thrown out as a diplomatic sop to a flier whose performance ever will be an aeronautical laughingstock to his contemporaries. Again, two men, sharing equal danger and responsibility, make a transpacific flight; one receives the Distinguished Flying Cross, the other does not. In still another case the actual pilots of a transatlantic expedition sit at a banquet table and see the D.F.C. pinned on the chests of their kiwi companions while a Secretary of the Navy offers them and the diners a lame apology. We discover these official apologists explaining in one breath that certain outstanding American airmen are not eligible for the D.F.C. because they have no military status or have not completed their citizenship papers, and in the next presenting the decoration to civilians who have never worn a uniform and to foreigners who have rendered no service to the United States.

There is little justification for all this contradiction and confusion. The act of Congress creating the Distinguished Flying Cross on July 2, 1926, and an executive order issued by President Coolidge March 1, 1927, promulgating rules and regulations for its award, leave no possible doubt that this medal was designed to be an exclusively military decoration. Here is what the President's order says:

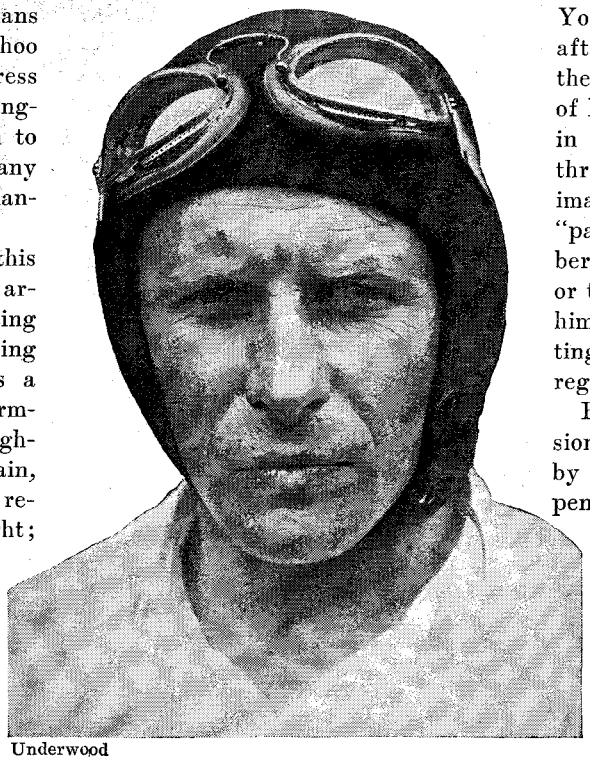
Subject to other special conditions prescribed in the law, the following classes of persons are eligible for the award of the Distinguished Flying Cross:

(1) All members of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps and members of the Coast Guard when serving with the military or naval forces of the United States, while participating in an aerial flight as part of the duties incident to such membership;

(2) All members of the National Guard not in Federal service, the Organized Reserves, the Officers Reserve Corps, the Enlisted Reserve Corps, the Naval Reserves and the Marine Corps Reserves, not on active duty, while participating in an aerial flight as part of the duties incident to such membership;

(3) Members of the military, naval or air forces of foreign governments while serving with the military or naval forces of the United States and while participating in an aerial flight.

Civilians are not eligible for the award of the Distinguished Flying Cross.



Underwood

BERNT BALCHEN

He did not get the D.F.C. because he was considered a foreigner

Which would seem to be reasonably simple and understandable. But Congress, having made "the law" referred to by the President, naturally considered itself above it and proceeded at once to tamper with the machinery.

An unknown mail pilot, who, by virtue of membership in the Missouri National Guard, held a Captain's commission in the Air Corps Reserve, flew from New York to Paris less than three months after President Coolidge had laid down these rules. Whatever else may be said of Lindbergh's flight, it was frowned on in advance by the government and, through the wildest stretch of the imagination, could not be construed as "part of the duties incident to" Lindbergh's membership in either the Guard or the Reserve. Obviously, then, it gave him no legitimate claim to the Distinguished Flying Cross unless the rules regarding it were to be disregarded.

But popular hysteria and Congressional clamor are not to be taken lightly by a service whose very existence depends upon public appropriations. The Air Corps would have been justified in defending its military flying medal against this civilian outsider, but one shudders to think of the protest that would have arisen from the length and breadth of a land in the white heat of hero-worship. Beyond doubt an outraged Congress would have overruled the Air Corps, the War Department and, if necessary, the Navy to see that Lindbergh got the D.F.C. So the Air Corps, being more astute and less militaristic than the older and more routine branches of the Army, leaped in and recommended the award itself. With the same eye to public favor it made Lindbergh a Colonel in the Reserve.

There is another and much higher decoration for valor than the Distinguished Flying Cross which the Army and Navy reserve for a chosen few of

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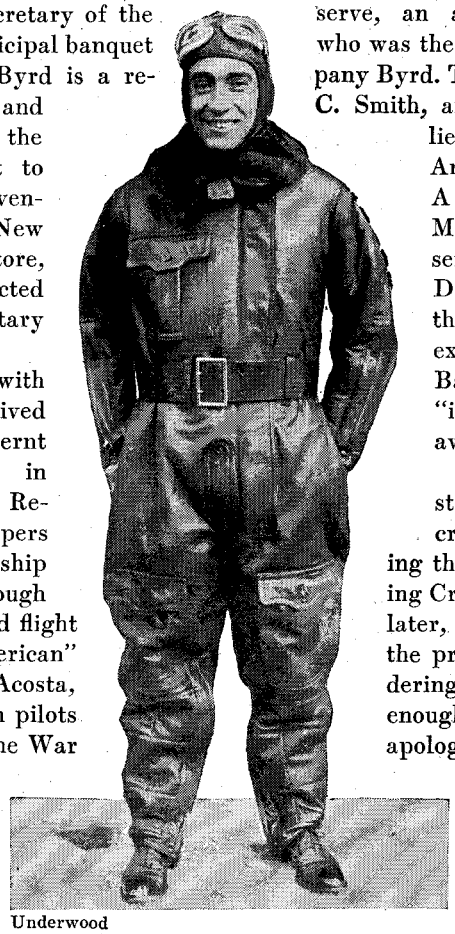
their most heroic sons. It is called the Congressional Medal of Honor and is given those who, "in action involving actual conflict with the enemy," conspicuously distinguish themselves "by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of life above and beyond the call of duty." This decoration is meant for such fellows as Sergeant Alvin C. York of World War fame, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, America's ace of aces in that conflict, and Lieutenant C. Frank Schilt, Marine Corps pilot who won it in Nicaragua by landing his plane again and again under rebel fire to evacuate wounded comrades from the jungle "front" to a base hospital.

To the Army's way of thinking, the Navy lobby in Washington, assisted by the political friends of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, "put one over" early in 1927—not without opposition—by getting a bill passed to award the Congressional Medal of Honor to Byrd and Floyd Bennett for their North Pole flight. So the Army retaliated by getting behind a movement to bestow the same honor on Lindbergh. Even the aura of infallibility and glory with which the nation had surrounded that young man did not serve to stifle a few vague shreds of protest as to the fitness of this. But these were quelled by Representative Snell's explanation that it was and it wasn't the Congressional Medal of Honor which Lindbergh would receive under his bill; that the Lindbergh medal would be entirely distinct from the valor award for war service, the citation merely paralleling Byrd's, which reads: "For distinguishing himself conspicuously by courage and intrepidity at the risk of his life in demonstrating that it is possible for aircraft to travel in continuous flight from a now inhabited portion of the earth to over the North Pole and return."

Lindbergh, of course, got the Congressional Medal of Honor by unanimous vote after one objector had withdrawn his opposition in the face of the withering wrath of his fellow legislators. Not satisfied with this, Congress created a special gold medal of its own, as yet unmatched by Byrd or any one else, to honor further Lindbergh for his flights. It also passed a bill allowing him to accept the various decorations showered on him in Europe by foreign governments.

When Byrd trailed Lindbergh and Clarence D. Chamberlin across the Atlantic after months of preparatory fanfare and came back to a triumphant New York welcome, he and Lieutenant George O. Noville, the radio operator whose efforts at communication from the *America* were so disappointing, had the Distinguished Flying Cross pinned on their chests by Secretary of the Navy Wilbur at a municipal banquet in New York. Now Byrd is a retired naval officer and Noville a member of the Reserve; their flight to France was a private venture, backed by a New York department store, and in no way connected with their quasi-military status.

At the same table with them when they received the D.F.C. sat Bernt Balchen, lieutenant in the Norwegian Naval Reserve, whose first papers for American citizenship had been rushed through in order that the Byrd flight might be an "all-American" venture, and Bert Acosta, one of the best known pilots in America. During the War Bert rendered yeoman service to this country by testing new planes and teaching ambitious youngsters how to fly. These two had flown Byrd and Noville across the Atlantic; Balchen had saved the lives of all by a miraculous night landing in the surf at Ver-sur-Mer when the *America* ran out of fuel. Also at the dinner was Chamberlin, who wore the United States Army uniform and flew during the War when "military status" was something more than a phrase. To them, publicly, Secretary Wilbur expressed regret that because they were "civilians" the law barred them from the D.F.C.



Underwood

BENJAMIN MENDEZ

He got the D.F.C. because he was a foreigner

Since that time Bernt Balchen has made a hazardous and masterful flight to Greenley Island to succor the stranded crew of the transatlantic Junker monoplane, *Bremen,* and flew Byrd over the South Pole. Captain Herman Koehl, Major James C. Fitzmaurice and Baron Guenther von Huenefeld, whom he brought out of Greenley—all foreigners, two being civilians and the other on leave from the Irish Air Force—were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. For the South Pole flight, the same decoration was given to Harold June, a Navy enlisted man who acted as Balchen's co-pilot and radio operator, and to Captain Ashley C. McKinley of the Army Reserve, an aerial photographer who was the third man to accompany Byrd. Two other men, Dean C. Smith, air mail veteran and lieutenant of the Army Reserve, and Alton N. Parker, Marine Corps Reservist, also got the D.F.C. for flights in the Antarctic as Byrd expedition pilots. But Balchen is still held "ineligible" for this award!

Numerous other instances of rank discrimination in awarding the Distinguished Flying Cross will be mentioned later, but Balchen's case is the prize example of blundering injustice. It is not enough for Army and Navy apologists to explain that their hands are tied because such men have no military status; that, by virtue of the Lindbergh precedent, the bars are down to lesser heroes of the air enrolled in this or that Reserve. This only "passes the buck" to Congress, justly enough, perhaps, for that body, in its usual manner, certainly has done enough to muddle the works with the D.F.C.

It was an act of Congress that gave this medal, in clear violation of the rules for its award, to Koehl, Fitzmaurice and Huenefeld. The same body at the same time belatedly awarded the same decoration to Francesco de Pinedo for the famous four-continent flight on which he visited this country, and to Dieudonné Coste and Joseph Lebrix for their air journey here via the South Atlantic. Lacking the saving grace of subtlety and not wishing to offend any nation by undue honors to the airmen of another, Congress cut this Gordian knot of diplomacy by handing out the D.F.C. in a job lot—Italy, France, Germany, Ireland.

These men undoubtedly deserved the award, if the law regarding it was to be

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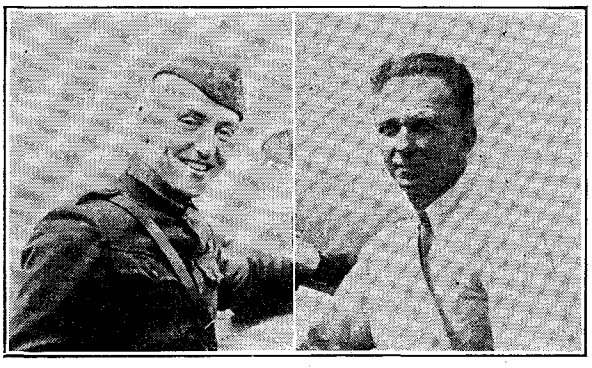
waived at all for purposes of international good will. So did Lindbergh and most of the others for whom the Army and Navy broke the rules. So, a hundred times over, did Wilbur and Orville Wright, who were grudgingly given the D.F.C. seven months after the "foreign invasion" in spite of the unqualified ruling that "Civilians are not eligible for the award of the Distinguished Flying Cross." And so have a score of others to whom it illogically but persistently has been denied because they are either "foreigners" or "civilians." Outstanding among the latter are Balchen, Chamberlin, Acosta, the late Wilmer Stultz, who flew Amelia Earhart across the Atlantic; George Haldeman, who got Ruth Elder almost across; William S. Brock and Edward F. Schlee, whose flight took them more than half around the world; Charles E. Kingsford-Smith, who made it all the way; the crew who accompanied him on his, as yet unmatched, flight across the Pacific; Roger Q. Williams and Lewis A. Yancey, who made a one-stop flight to Rome, and many others, just as daring but less well known.

While Congress may have acted for defendable political and diplomatic reasons regarding De Pinedo, Coste and Lebrix and the *Bremen* fliers, it brought discredit to itself and ignominy to the Distinguished Flying Cross when it voted this decoration to Captain Benjamin Mendez, Colombian airman, better known as "Benny the Gas Boy." The award was made for a flight from New York to Bogota during which Mendez wrecked at least two airplanes and took nearly enough time to have flown around the world. It would be interesting indeed to know just what groups in Washington brought enough pressure to bear to win this unmerited honor for a laudably ambitious mechanic-aviator, who came to the United States, learned to fly and went back to his native land in a somewhat patched-up blaze of aeronautical glory. Certainly this award cheapened the D.F.C. and dimmed its lustre for those who held it already.

So far, the Distinguished Flying Cross has been awarded to seventeen Navy officers and enlisted men, twelve in the Marine Corps, forty-one from the Army, seven foreigners and two civilians. If any one doubts there has been discrimination, unwitting or otherwise, in some of these awards, let him consider a few cases in addition to those already cited.



THE D.F.C. IS DENIED TO THEM
Eddie Rickenbacker, America's war ace, and Clarence Chamberlin, who flew to Germany and remarks philosophically, "You can't eat medals"

Ernest L. Smith, a captain in the Army Reserve, is listed as having won the D.F.C. for a flight from California to Hawaii in July, 1927. He was accompanied by Emory Bronte, their hop being well in advance of the ill-fated Dole Derby to Honolulu but some time after the Army first achieved an aerial crossing to the Islands. Bronte got no Distinguished Flying Cross. Yet it was awarded to Lieutenants Albert F. Hegenberger and Lester J. Maitland, who made the flight for the Army, and to Arthur C. Goebel, winner of the Dole Derby. Goebel's navigator, however, went without the D.F.C. The Navy, not to be outdone, awarded the medal to Lieutenant William V. Davis, who, while on leave, navigated the *Woolaroc* to second place in the Dole Derby for Martin Jensen. The latter was a War flier, but one searches in vain for his name among the wearers of the D.F.C.

BUT HE GOT IT
Baron Guenther von Huenefeld, who flew as a passenger in the Airplane Bremen, crew of which was rescued from Greenley Island by Balchen

At one time there was a movement in Congress to get Clarence D. Chamberlin the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Flying Cross for his flight to Germany and the world's endurance record previously broken by him and Bert Acosta. Senator Brookhart, being, like Chamberlin, from Iowa, took an interest and the matter was carried to Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee.

"We may be able to jam it through all right," Reed is reported to have told Chamberlin, whose friends had introduced the two and were urging the Congressional Medal of Honor, "but there was such a row over giving it to Byrd and Lindbergh I'm afraid it would leave you with a bad taste in your mouth even if you got it."

And he explained how the decoration heretofore had been reserved exclusively for valor on the field of battle.

"Oh, well, in that case," said the easy-going Chamberlin, "let's forget all about it. You can't eat medals, anyhow!"

Chamberlin's only recognition from the United States government for his various flights was the Army's offer—which he never took up—of a Distinguished Flying Cross provided he would accept a second lieutenant's commission in the Reserve. Later the ante was raised to a captaincy, but Chamberlin, appointed a colonel by the Governors of both Iowa and New Jersey, didn't accept. Oh, yes! On his return from Germany, Chamberlin was recognized by Uncle Sam to the extent of being forced to pay duty on the medals and trophies with which he had been showered in Central Europe!

The Army and the Navy, which are authorized to make their own Distinguished Flying Cross awards without resort to Congress and, at times, have given them for rather trivial feats, favor the creation of a Distinguished Flying *Medal* as a separate award for non-military fliers. This would parallel the D.F.C. as a civilian award for "heroism or extraordinary achievement" in the air. It is an excellent idea but should have been put forward when the D.F.C. was born. Now the damage is done and can scarcely be undone except

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I Am the Law!

And Why Do You Not Respect Me?

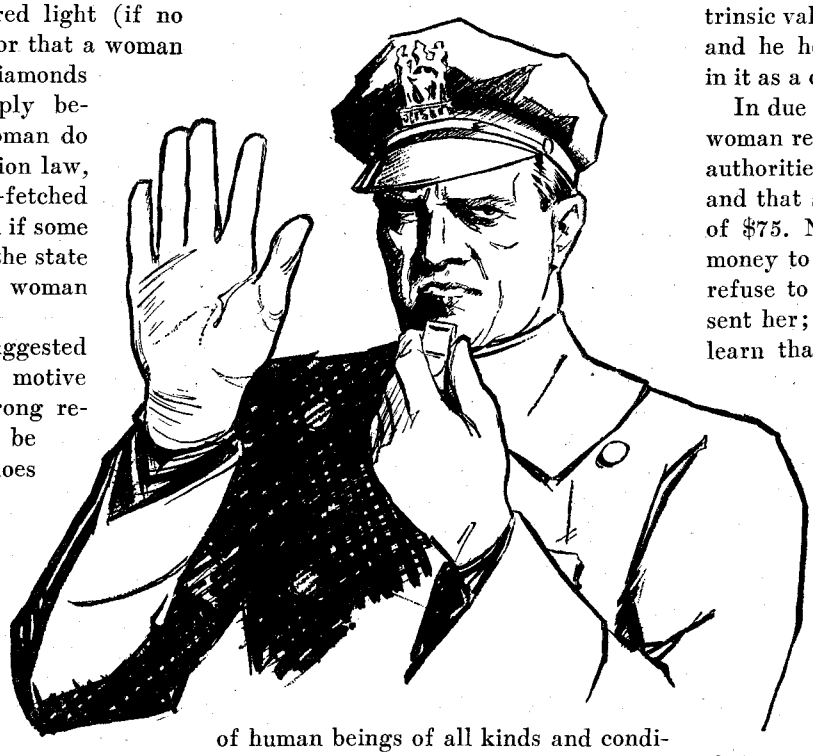
By RICHARD G. KNOTT

THAT law enforcement is difficult unless there is respect for law is a truism. But in the widespread discussion of law enforcement this truism has been brought forward almost solely as an argument against prohibition. The prohibition law, it has been maintained, is a law which is not respected and the attempt to enforce prohibition has led to lack of respect for all law. There is, however, another feature of the subject of which little has been said.

Notwithstanding violations of the prohibition law, no one will assert that most violations of law are violations of the prohibition law, directly or indirectly. Even if one considers only those violations of laws and ordinances which come within the jurisdiction of local police, such as felonies and misdemeanors, the majority are not related to the prohibition law. To allege that a man driving an automobile will deliberately run past a red light (if no policeman is in sight), or that a woman will try to smuggle diamonds into the country, simply because that man and woman do not respect the prohibition law, would obviously be far-fetched —especially far-fetched if some simpler explanation of the state of mind of that man or woman is available.

In neither of the suggested cases is there a human motive so impelling that a strong regard for the law would be overpowered. A man does not disobey the traffic laws because he is driven by hunger; a woman does not try to smuggle jewels because she fears that the rent cannot otherwise be paid. In such cases the situation is not that there exists some motive so strong that regard for and fear of the law are both put aside; it is simply that regard for the law and fear of the law are both weak. Especially respect for the law, for fear of the law is at least still strong enough to keep us from having uncontrollable criminal impulses in the presence of a policeman.

To suppose that dislike of the prohibition law has led to all of the current disrespect for law is both too easy and too complicated a solution. Too easy, because it is the first reply that comes to mind. It has been put so often into the mind by the arguments of the anti-prohibitionists, that there is now the danger that we are repeating it by rote. Too easy again because, even though lack of respect for law may have increased in recent years, we can remember that it existed even before the prohibition amendment and the dry statutes were on the books, and could not, therefore, have its origin in those measures. And the solution is too complicated because it presupposes a series of reasoned steps (if somewhat illogical ones) in the human mind when there is available a simpler solution in which the emotions rather than the reason play the major part. In considering large groups



of human beings of all kinds and conditions, as one must when discussing a general lack of respect for law, it is clearly safer to take the simpler and more emotional explanation.

Before I discuss what seems to me the chief cause of the widespread and serious disrespect for law, it may be best to relate a series of episodes. There will be nothing extraordinary about these incidents. All of them either have come under my own observation within the last year or two, or have been told me by others who were concerned in them or witnessed them. You can easily add to them many of a similar nature from your own experience or that of your friends.

A woman from a foreign country was working in a business office in New York city, where she had an executive post. In the course of her work for the firm she was able to bring about certain results of great benefit to a client. A few months later that client took a trip around the world. From India he wrote that he had seen there an old necklace, not of much worth in itself perhaps, but of curious and interesting workmanship, which he was mailing to her as a gift. He knew the customs regulations, he said, and so enclosed a certificate to prove that the necklace was more than a hundred years old and could, therefore, enter without payment of duty. Its intrinsic value was, at any rate, very little, and he hoped she would be interested in it as a curiosity.

In due time the necklace arrived. The woman received notice from the customs authorities that it had been assessed and that she could get it upon payment of $75. Now $75 was a great deal of money to her, and yet she could hardly refuse to accept the gift that had been sent her; moreover, if the donor should learn that she had had to pay for its receipt a further embarrassment would arise. She went down to the customs offices with her proof of the age of the necklace. The official assured her that the assessor had determined that the necklace was not over 100 years old, that it was, in fact, 99 years old. The sworn certificate from India was brushed aside. She explained the circumstances, said that if the assessment of $75 stood she simply could not accept the necklace. The argument continued for some time. It was closed when she paid $10 to the official personally, whereupon the assessment was reduced to $32, which she also paid—let us hope to the United States Treasury, though the Treasury had no right to one cent.

Now for another story. A man had parked his automobile in a shopping

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street in a small Connecticut town. After a purchase at a store he returned to the car, and started to back a few feet preparatory to drawing out into the traffic. As soon as he started backing there was a crash behind him. He stopped at once, got out and walked to the rear of his car to see what had happened. While he was absent some one had parked a motorcycle against the back of his car, which he could not possibly have seen unless he had walked to the rear of his automobile before he started. Now the motorcycle was turned over and the handles were caught under the rear bumper. The traffic policeman ran from the corner.

"Are you going to leave your car on that motorcycle? Are you trying to *crush* it?" he yelled. The man entered his machine again and tried to drive it forward a foot or two. A grinding noise told him that this manoeuvre was not a success. He got out again. The policeman was still talking. "Aren't you satisfied with knocking it *down?* Do you have to try to tear it to *pieces?*"

The man turned to the gathering crowd. "Does any one know whose motorcycle this is?" he asked. No one spoke except the policeman.

"You'll stay right where you are till the owner turns up!" he ordered. The owner appeared. The driver went at once to him, expressed his regret and offered to pay for the damages, if any. The policeman, meanwhile, returned to his corner, and permitted traffic on the cross street to resume. The owner of the motorcycle said that he could find no harm done. He started the motor and found that it ran as well as ever. The automobile owner gave him his name, address and telephone number and said, "You may find, after you run it a bit, that there is something wrong with it. If so let me know."

He then returned to the policeman, explained that there seemed to be no damage, and asked whether any further formalities, such as reporting the accident, were necessary. The owner of the motorcycle at that moment started to drive off. The policeman first called to him and then whistled after him, and finally beckoned him back. Then this colloquy took place between the policeman and the owner of the motorcycle:

"Did you get this guy's number?"

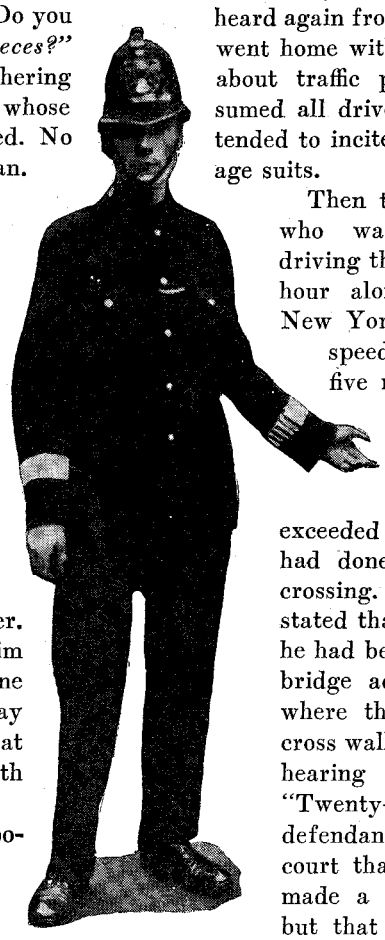
"He gave me his name and address."

"But did you take down his license number and his driver's license number? How do you know that it *was* his name and address?"

The driver's license had already been produced; but the car owner now asked for the return of the slip of paper on which he had written his name and address and telephone number, and added the numbers on the licenses, though the cyclist did not wish to wait for them.

"Are you sure the motorcycle isn't damaged?" asked the policeman. The cyclist replied that he could find no damage. "Well, you may later. You ought to be able to get a good bit of damages out of this guy."

The cyclist smiled and departed. The policeman grandly waved the automobile driver on his way. The automobile driver (who, incidentally, never heard again from the motorcyclist) went home with his own thoughts about traffic policemen who assumed all drivers were liars, and tended to incite unnecessary damage suits.



Ewing Galloway

LONDON BOBBY
Courteously but firmly he personifies English law

Then there was the man who was summoned for driving thirty-eight miles an hour along a parkway in New York state, where the speed limit was thirty-five miles an hour. The traffic officer stated in court that the defendant had not only exceeded the speed limit but had done it at a crowded crossing. The defendant stated that, on the contrary, he had been going beneath a bridge across the parkway where there was no direct cross walk. The Judge, after hearing both stories, said, "Twenty-five dollars." The defendant protested to the court that not only had he made a truthful statement, but that the truth was ascertainable. It could be easily discovered whether there was a cross walk at the place of the arrest. Moreover, in the years of his driving he had never been arrested for any traffic violation before—would not this have a bearing on the amount of the fine? The Judge said, "If you want to talk to this court it will cost you $25 more."

The defendant decided that he had nothing more to say to that court. As he went out with one of the court officials to pay his fine he found that he did not have $25 in cash with him. He said he would write a check. That suggestion was not acceptable.

"Then I will telephone a friend of mine to bring it down," he said.

"No," replied the officer, "prisoners after they are convicted are not allowed to telephone."

"Then what can I do?"

"You can write a letter to your friend or to your bank and you can go to jail."

Now this happened on a Saturday morning and no letter would be received until Monday. A call for a messenger was also prohibited. The prisoner cried out in despair, "I wish Detective —— was here!"

"Do you know Detective ——?" queried the court attendant in surprise.

"Yes, I know him well."

The manner of the court attendant changed.

"I think I can get him to come to see you," he suggested. Within an hour the detective arrived and cashed a check for his friend, who was then once more free to return to his family. His comments on the justice of courts are sulphuric. It was not the fact that he had been fined that angered him, but the treatment he received from the man on the bench and from the court attendant before his acquaintance with the detective was known.

There was the case of the man hurrying for a train. His taxi driver took up a position for a left turn. Although there was no traffic interfering, the policeman steadily kept his eyes averted. The taxi driver gave his horn a gentle toot. The policeman turned, glared, kept him standing where he was until the lights changed, then waved him down the street with the remark, "Don't blow your horn at *me!* You can't make the turn at all now."

The taxi driver was forced to go four blocks out of his way and the man, a visitor to New York, missed his train. He vowed to come to New York as little as possible in the future, and he also tucked away in the back of his mind certain conclusions concerning traffic policemen in general.

Many experiences might be related with officers in charge of tests for drivers' licenses. In a certain New England town one man abandoned his busi-

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ness day after day to get his driving test, but could not reach the office to get in line in time to get his test before the officer insolently slammed the door in the faces of those remaining (at four o'clock) without any comment at all. It was a frequent occurrence to find men and women still waiting who had come for three or four successive days. Some of them had been there since morning, but neither was the officer willing to add to his required minutes of duty, nor was the state sufficiently concerned about the taxpayers to see that they got either service or courtesy. One attorney said that the attitude of the officer toward his sister when she took her test was so offensive that he nearly struck him. But the lawyer did not have the moral courage to report him.

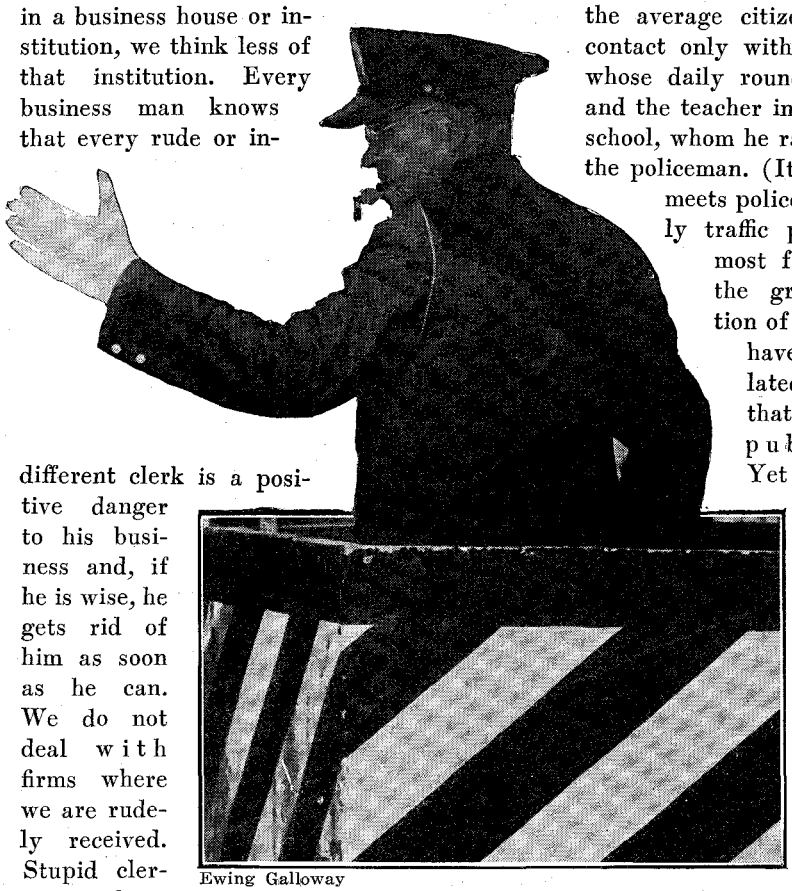
"I have to live here, you know," he said, "and that officer is also on patrol duty on the highways and could annoy me with unjustified arrests continually. What a condition would that be for a rising young lawyer?"

That particular officer was eventually removed, but not until he had graven indelibly upon the minds of hundreds of persons, including grocer boys, truck drivers, chauffeurs, farm hands, automobile salesmen—all classes of citizens—a feeling of contempt and hatred for the state police. To draw such a conclusion concerning the state police as a whole from the behavior of one of its members was doubtless unwarranted, but also, unfortunately, natural.

These episodes could be multiplied indefinitely. The whole magazine could be filled with them. There could be included the case of the man who moved to an up-state New York village for the summer, asked where he could get some liquor, and was referred to the chief patrolman who delivered it in the police car. There should be included the case of the Coast Guard officer at the Yale-Harvard boat races at New London in 1929 who had a crew of seamen under his command row him about from boat to boat, while he levied at each yacht or craft that had liquor aboard at least one drink, until he could no longer stand upright in his row-boat, and who was finally slapped because of his endeavor to put his arm around a woman on one of the yachts. One could add innumerable episodes with insolent court officials, customs officers, minor law officers generally. And need one bring up the case of Chicago, or of the courts of certain magistrates in New York City?

What is the effect of all these episodes? What is their bearing?

Let us consider for a moment how almost all of us act. If we are badly treated by some minor official or clerk in a business house or institution, we think less of that institution. Every business man knows that every rude or indifferent clerk is a positive danger to his business and, if he is wise, he gets rid of him as soon as he can. We do not deal with firms where we are rudely received. Stupid clergymen have many times damaged the cause of the church and even of religion; but, if we wish, we can stay away from church. But we have no recourse but to deal with our government and with the law. There is no alternative. None the less, these episodes have just the same effect upon us, whether our experiences are with the government or with a business house. Our respect decreases. As such episodes occur again and again, respect disappears and gives way to contempt. Every officer of the law who by his actions arouses hostility and a feeling of injustice breeds disrespect for the law.



Ewing Galloway

TRAFFIC POLICEMAN
In our own national capital

The average citizen has few personal encounters with representatives of most of the branches of his government. He may easily forget how extensive it is. To bring that to mind, one might look into the New York telephone directory. There the telephone numbers of departments in the city government alone take up eight columns of small type. Telephone numbers of offices of the New York state government in New York City occupy another column, and telephones of the national government's offices in New York fill two and a half columns. All of these offices have dealings of one sort or another at one time or another with citizens. But as a rule the average citizen comes into contact only with the postman, whose daily rounds he forgets, and the teacher in his children's school, whom he rarely sees, and the policeman. (It is because he meets policemen, especially traffic policemen, the most frequently that the greater proportion of the episodes I have described related to officers of that branch of the public service.) Yet at any time any citizen may find that he has business, important to him, with any one of hundreds of thousands of clerks in these hundreds of listed offices. In each of those contacts, the citizen gets an impression of the law represented by the official with whom he is dealing. It may be a customs officer, a clerk of court, a tax collector, an immigration officer, an income tax examiner, an elevator inspector, a doctor in a free clinic. If the citizen's business is routine and quickly attended to, the impression may be favorable. But if he meets discourtesy or injustice, he thinks less well not only of that official but of the law.

It may be argued that we should distinguish between officers of the law and the great institution of law itself. We should. But, taking humanity as a whole and most of ourselves in particular, we don't—and we won't. Abstractions, such as law, are active in the daily thinking of the people of no nation. The thinking of most of mankind is personal. If we have a number of acquaintances in New York who are pleasant and if we have had agreeable experiences there, we think New York is a city of joy. If we know more persons in New York whom we dislike, and if our experiences there have been, in the main, with insolent offi-

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The Sage of Helium City

A Portrait of Ed Howe's Gossipy Son, Gene

By JACK BEALL, JR.

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Gene Howe of Amarillo demonstrates two things—the tremendous power of the American press as an instrument of ballyhoo and the immense volume of hatred and vituperation that can be poured upon any bold citizen who shoots at an idol, an idea or a fetish held in reverence by any large part of the American public. Important as the "Tactless Texan" is to Amarillo, he is important nationally only as a symbol of a newspaper-created psychology—and men have been shot, actually and figuratively, even in this country, for doing and saying less.

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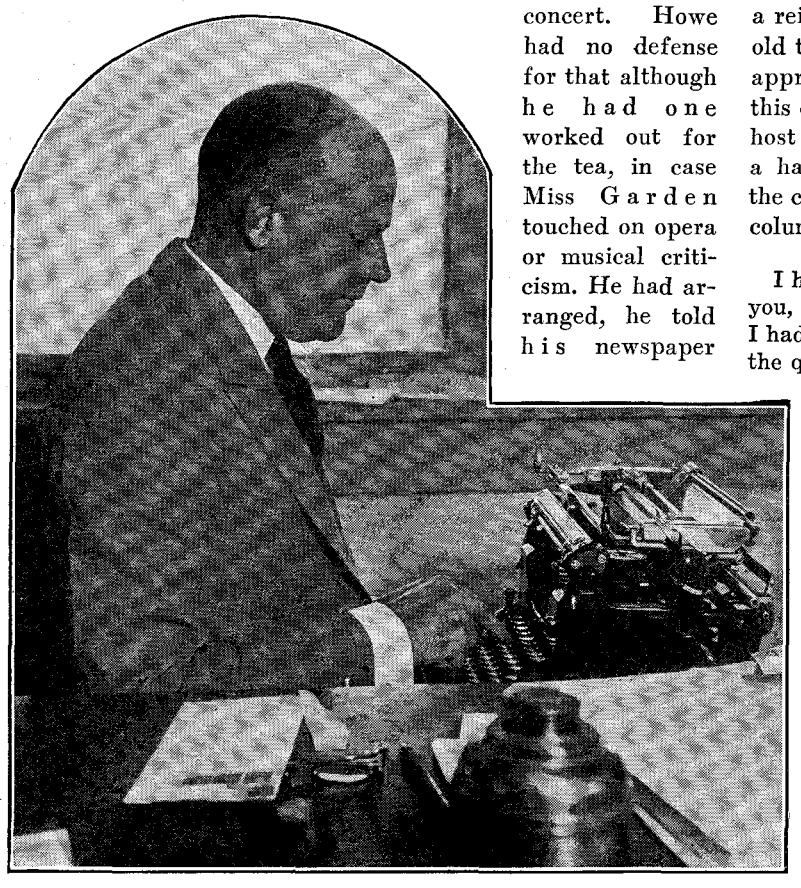
"SO YOU'RE from Amarillo! That's the place Gene Howe—the fellow who had that run-in with Mary Garden—comes from, isn't it?"

Citizens of Amarillo—whence comes that useful but harmless gas called helium—are accustomed to that stenciled salutation. They hear it everywhere with pride and some annoyance—pride that their "Tactless Texan," Gene Howe, is so widely known, and annoyance that a city of 43,000 should be known to the country as the home of one man. Why, everybody ought to know that Amarillo is the Helium City, the center of the Texas Panhandle oil fields, where four transcontinental railroads—! But instead, the Helium City is known to fame only as the place where Gene Howe lambasted Lindbergh and wrote a criticism of Mary Garden, intimating that she was too old to sing, in fact so old she tottered, and where Miss Garden later arranged a return engagement for the sole purpose of making Gene Howe recant.

At ten million American breakfast tables—more or less—one morning this fall there were chuckles over the dispatches from Amarillo telling of Howe's embarrassment when he asked Miss Garden to an "old-fashioned Texas supper in our home," only to have her reply that she would be delighted to have "tea at your villa." Howe began beating a strategic retreat right there. He announced in his paper that in honor of Miss Garden the supper had been changed to tea, and the home to villa.

"We are proud of our villa," he columned. "It's small and it's modest, but it's villa to us. Villa, sweet villa! Be it ever so humble there's no place like villa!"

The retreat became a rout when Miss Garden announced that she would probably pay her respects to Howe in a ten-minute speech before the concert. Howe had no defense for that although he had one worked out for the tea, in case Miss Garden touched on opera or musical criticism. He had arranged, he told his newspaper audience, to have his family grouped around him ready to ply Miss Garden with tea the minute they noticed his ears getting red, and if that failed to sidetrack her he would unleash some of the musical talent of the town. He had already received twenty requests from persons who were convinced they had voices Miss Garden ought to hear. The diva may have heard of this, for from the time she arrived at the Howe villa, surrounded by curious townspeople, until she left, she was a most charming and agreeable lady, even to her erstwhile critic. She kissed Gene on three separate occasions, invited him, his wife and daughter to be her guests in Chicago for her opening appearance in the season's opera, and called him "a dear." This was in rather vivid contrast to what she called him after his original criticism of her "Thais." Then, he was "a swine," and "a rotter," who made less money in a year than Miss Garden in a week, and who, when Miss Garden would still be a reigning queen of opera, would be too old to operate a typewriter. The closest approach to mentioning their feud at this calumet party came when guest and host got off in a corner to themselves for a half hour. Howe recounted parts of the conversation in his "Tactless Texan" column the next morning:



I have been looking forward to meeting you, Mr. Tack. From what I have heard I had made up my mind that you must be the queerest person who has ever been in the newspaper business. You won't be offended, Mr. Tack, will you? No, I know you won't, but the funniest thing I have ever seen in a newspaper was that statement you wrote about two weeks ago. You said that five days before my arrival in Amarillo, and for five days after, that you would not look for any lost dogs. I laughed for hours over that article. I laughed until my sides were actually sore. For a man who has posed as a grand opera critic to be running after lost dogs is the world's funniest combination. Never have I heard anything to equal this. Do you really retrieve .

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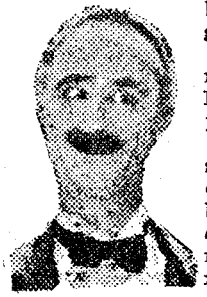
The Tactless Texan

Well, folks, I'm treading on dangerous ground this evening, but there's something that's rankling in my breast and I must get it out.



TACK

I refer to the manner in which Mr. Lindbergh poured it on us.

As far as I, personally, am concerned Mr. Lindbergh need never come back. Amarillo was here before he was born and will be here long after he is dead. We can keep on growing and expanding and getting along about as well as most cities do if we never see or hear anything more about him. Personally, I think he has become a smart-aleck and that flattery has turned his head.

Flattery and publicity have ruined Lindbergh the same as they ruin most persons they touch. His stunt is going about doing the very things that will attract attention and then when the people he has attracted gather around him he acts bored and blase.

That is exactly what he did here.

However, Lindbergh was so smart-alecky and so sarcastic to the boy ahead of them that the other two boys turned on their heels and left. They were spirited young Texans who expect to be treated like white men. They turned their backs on Lindbergh and I admire them for it."

Lindbergh in my humble opinion, is the biggest grandstander we now have in our midst. His stunt, as I see it, is to continue to do spectacular things and to then go about making fun of the people who gather around to see him. He thinks this is smart and blase.

••

PEN JABS AT NOTABLES

These selected extracts from Gene Howe's column show some of the paragraphs that created storms of disapproval all over the country. At the left are extracts from one attack on Lindbergh. In the center is part of the criticism of Mary Garden on March 19, 1930 and at the right appear the amends made to Mary on November 4, 1930,—an interesting comparison of newspaper verbiage

"Thais" does not rank as one of the great operas regardless of what the local critics may say. I know whereof I speak. Mary Garden made "Thais."

I don't like to say mean things about people but the incomparable Mary Garden is incomparable no more. She is old, very old and has ceased to be suited for the part. She almost tottered about the stage. She is stiff and awkward and while her figure is thin the lines of her figure are those of an elderly woman.

Mary Garden is not one of the great singers. Her voice is only fair. But when she was young she was one of the greatest artists of all time. With her beauty and her grace and her vitality and her artistry as an actress, her "Thais" was one of the greatest performances in the history of the stage. But with the passing of her youth, her "Thais" becomes hopelessly flat.

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Old Tack's retreat, which began when Mary Garden arrived in Amarillo Sunday, has become a rout.

Miss Garden's concert at the Municipal Auditorium was a brilliant, a spectacular, an outstanding triumph. Never in the history of Amarillo has a visiting artist been accorded such a spontaneous, enthusiastic reception.

Never have I enjoyed anything quite as much or have been swept as completely off my feet as when this great artist and this great singer sang last night.

And I would like to say right here that I never said that Miss Garden could not sing. I said she did not sing when she was here before. I also never stated that she was "so old that she tottered." Such a statement is ridiculous and absurd, of course. I stated when she was here last year that either she was so fatigued or indifferent that she appeared at that time like an old woman instead of a prima donna who ruled the operatic world.

But the Garden of last night was different, oh so different. She was marvelous, she was wonderful. Personally, I do not think she is the greatest singer, but for sheer artistry and musical interpretation, combined with her marvelous voice and her technique, she continues to reign as the queen of them all. She is the greatest figure and personality of the opera of all time.

••

lost dogs? The answer is that he does. That is his specialty. He offers and pays a reward for every lost dog found in the North Plains country of Texas, and that covers a lot of territory. After the tumult and shouting died, following the triumphal, packed-to-the-doors Garden concert, and after the *amende honorable* review by the Sage of Helium City, this Howesque notice appeared:

And now folks, I must get back to my regular work regardless of how Miss Garden may laugh and laugh until her sides ache. Three lost dogs have been reported over the week-end. While I have been foundering myself on tea, the dogs have been running amuck. The first is a cross between a German police and a Spitz . . . .

And on this note closed the Garden incident, which made the front pages all over the country, and gave some excellent publicity to Miss Garden—and to Gene Howe.

Granting that Miss Garden had not the prescience to see the full news value of the visit in advance of her booking the return engagement (and on this point it should be emphasized that it was she and not a group of agitated Amarilloans who took steps to bring her back), we have the remarkable sight of a noted singer going very far out of her way to convince an editor in the provinces, a dog-catching fellow of an editor, that she could sing melodiously and walk youthfully. It is both a tribute to the power of the press and to the provocative pen-jabbing of the Sage of Helium City that she made the effort.

By saying just what he thinks, Gene Howe has built up for himself an unique place in Southwestern journalism. He is rapidly fulfilling the heritage received from his father, Ed Howe, that last of the oldtime personal journalists, the Sage of Potato Hill. He bids fair in his middle forties to make the *Amarillo Globe* as widely quoted as his father's *Atchison Globe* has been for twenty years. The tradition of personal journalism in a world of machine-made, advertising-controlled newspapers, has been handed on without a break from Atchison to Amarillo, and Gene Howe is the first to acknowledge his debt to his father. He says:

Everything I know about newspapers I learned from him. He pounded it into

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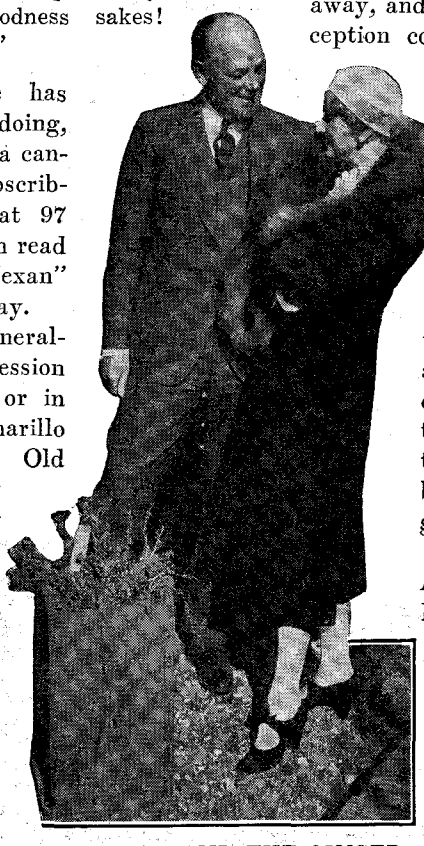
me: "Make them read the paper. Never mind the advertisements and the business department—just make them read the paper. Get something in every night that will make them sit up and say, 'Well, for goodness sakes! Listen to this!'"

Gene Howe has done, and is doing, just that. And a canvass of his subscribers reveals that 97 per cent of them read his "Tactless Texan" column every day.

The most generally heard expression on the streets or in the homes of Amarillo is, "What has Old Tack got to say today?" They know that along with a lot of utter foolishness Tack is likely to print something with the kick of a Missouri mule. Even if they don't agree with it, they will usually have to admit that it is put forcefully and sincerely and represents exactly what Tack thinks about it. He thus succeeds in being provocative and readable, even when on the unpopular side. No time-server, he frequently goes against popular opinion. Take the occasion when he lambasted Lindbergh, a thing which takes editorial hardihood, not to say foolhardihood.

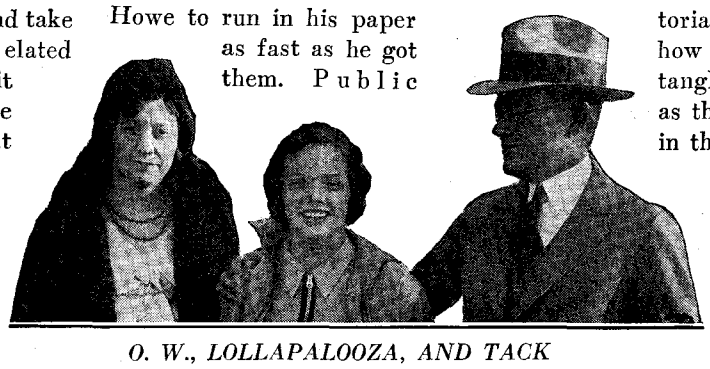


THE SAGE AND THE SINGER
Gene Howe and Mary Garden in the garden of his "villa"

In May, 1928, Colonel Lindbergh, flying across the continent in a series of short hops, announced from St. Louis that he would make a refueling stop at Clovis, N. M., thus passing Amarillo. Many citizens of Amarillo, disappointed that the Colonel was not coming to them, decided to go to the Colonel, and drove to Clovis merely to see him land and take off. Amarillo was surprised and elated the next morning to see the "Spirit of St. Louis" circle twice over the business district and then land at Bivins field. The town raced out three miles to see the most famous American aviator. Some boys were already there, and after Lindbergh had alighted from his plane and was giving instructions for refueling, they approached the Colonel and spoke to him. They were much crestfallen to be received brusquely, and even rudely, as they thought. They turned away, and before the hastily formed reception committee of the whole town arrived at the field, Lindbergh had completed his refueling and flown off. He sped over Clovis at 5,000 feet, disappointing some thousands who had gathered there from all over that part of the country. As was typical, the youngsters came into town and told "Tack" about it. The disappointed scores who went to Clovis returned, and also told "Tack" about it. The boys were hurt; some of the grown-ups were outraged.

Now, any one who slights Amarillo slights Gene Howe. He was not to stand idly by and watch the Spirit of St. Louis trample on the Spirit of Amarillo. He sat down and wrote the first article ever to appear in print in which the Colonel was handed brick-bats instead of bouquets. He called Lindbergh a "smart-aleck," "the biggest grandstander we now have in our midst," and wound up by saying that "all the trouble with him is he is a youth with a big head, and if I never see Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, B. H., again, that will be too soon."

For a while all was quiet in Amarillo, but not on the Eastern and Western newspaper fronts. The story had got on the press association wire. Whereas Gene Howe got some commendatory calls and letters at first from the still-smarting citizenry, the press of the nation was a seething mass of denunciation of the upstart editor who had dared to attack Lindbergh. The editorials were hot, but not too hot for Howe to run in his paper as fast as he got them. Public sentiment suddenly changed in Amarillo.



O. W., LOLLAPALOOZA, AND TACK

"It wasn't safe for me to get out on the streets for a while," Howe laughed as he recalled the incident. "People called up and said I had ruined the town. There was some talk of riding me on a rail for giving Amarillo such a black eye before the outside world."

But there was another repercussion. Lindbergh, flying back eastward, pointedly included Amarillo in his itinerary, stopped off, was exceedingly polite to everybody, sent word to Howe that "if you have forgotten the incident, I have." Since then he has paid two other visits to Amarillo, and no boys are hurt at his brusqueness, nor adults at his ignoring them. He took pains to explain to the mayor that he did not intend to stop at Amarillo that first time, but that he was so struck by its appearance from the air that he circled it twice, to get a better view of it, rather than, as Howe construed it, to attract attention and to invite people out on a wild-goose chase. He was curious to learn, he said, the sort of airport they had, so he landed, and while there decided to refuel.

Let no one say that Lindbergh is not an accomplished diplomat, nor yet that he is totally unmindful of a good press as against a bad press. And let no one say that the Tactless Texan does not get results in his own peculiar way. Mary Garden and Charles Lindbergh will never forget Amarillo. Nor will E. H. Sothern, who came there with the attitude that he need not give interviews in the provinces, was called "a pink-toed high-hatter" by Tack, and departed in the highest of Shakespearean dudgeons. So far he is the first celebrity who has not arranged to come back. While Howe realizes that sweet are the uses of publicity, he distinctly wishes it understood that he is not suffering from a Jack-the-Giant-Killer complex with regard to visiting notables.

"I am not just a hell-raiser for the fun of it," he vehemently insists. "Those folks all picked on Amarillo first."

From which it would appear our editorial knight-errant doesn't care how much people play with the tangles of Neaera's hair, so long as they don't sport with Amarillo in the shade.

But he does more than provoke celebrities and catch dogs. Last summer the fair name of Helium City was besmirched by a horrible murder. One of the sensa-

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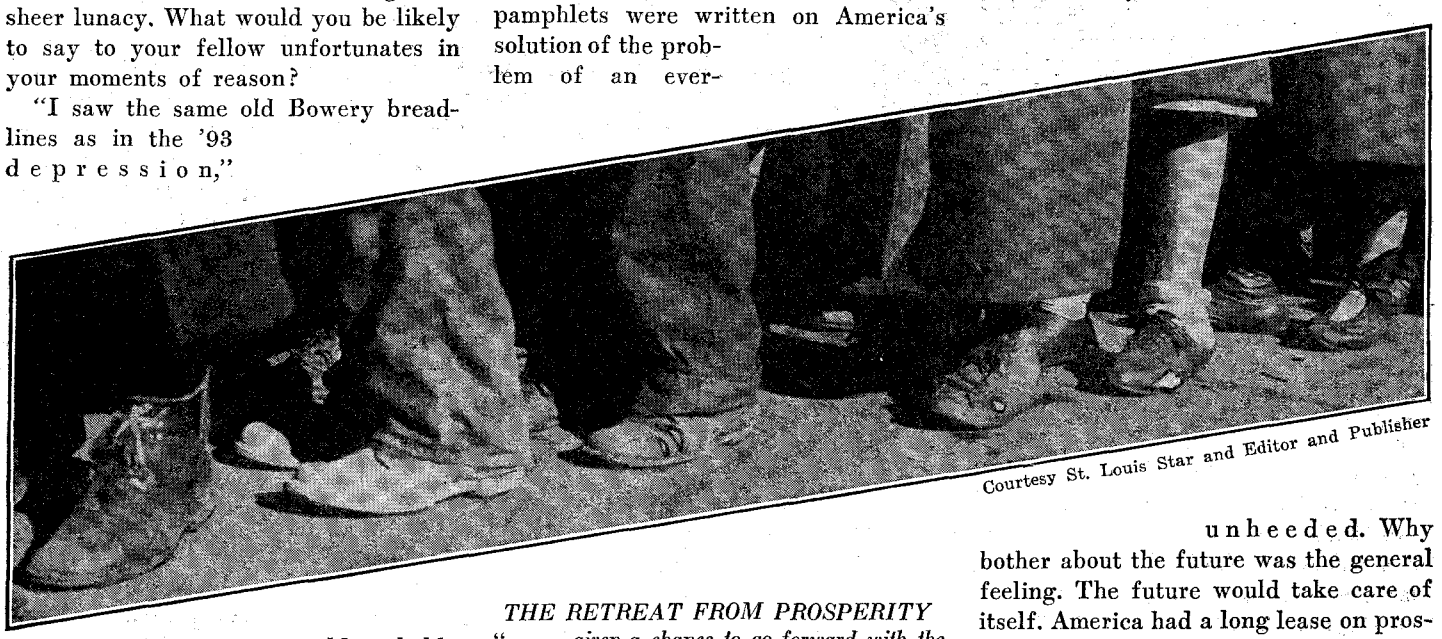
Lunacy and Depression

By LOUIS STARK

SUPPOSE you were a man who went crazy in the great depression of '93 because you had stood so long in cold breadlines that your mind was frozen into a mass of hatred toward what you thought was the stupidity of American business leadership in not preparing in advance for the miseries of the lean years of Biblical tradition. And suppose you were brought back to sanity just in time to see the country again unprepared for caring for the unemployed in this year of grace, 1930—and again reached a state of lunacy—or let's call it mental instability, with moments of clear reason alternating with sheer lunacy. What would you be likely to say to your fellow unfortunates in your moments of reason?

"I saw the same old Bowery breadlines as in the '93 depression,"



Courtesy St. Louis Star and Editor and Publisher

you would probably say. "The same lack of preparation for the emergency by the municipalities, the states and the federal government. The same feverish and, in some quarters, slightly demented activity to improvise machinery in the midst of the crisis. The same appeals by communities to welfare workers and social relief agencies to take hold of a disturbing problem and the same valiant efforts of this overworked group to respond to these twelfth hour appeals. The same appeals to wealthy citizens to help their unfortunate neighbors and the same lack of preventive measures by business men, business concerns and corporations large and small."

For a lunatic you would not be far from the truth. As a nation whose slogan in 1916 was "preparedness"—readiness for the war emergency of 1917—we found ourselves in 1929 and 1930, broadly speaking, a nation totally unprepared for the emergency of unemployment; an emergency just as truly catastrophic as a great plague; yet unlike a natural disaster in that certain measures may be provided in advance for the alleviation of what appears to be under our present industrial system an inevitable occurrence.

In the decade prior to the stock market crash of October, 1929, we were told by some economists and other industrialists that we were living in a "new era," another delusion that completely fooled us. Books, tracts and pamphlets were written on America's solution of the problem of an ever-

THE RETREAT FROM PROSPERITY

". . . . given a chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years, and we shall soon, with the help of God, be in sight of the day when poverty shall be banished from this nation. There is no guarantee against poverty equal to a job for every man."—Herbert Hoover, Palo Alto, Cal., Aug. 12, 1928

ascending scale of living for the wage-earners and of increasing profits for business men. The wide distribution of stock ownership among millions of employees seemed to those excess prophets of our future an augury of a millennium when every man without an automobile would have one and those with one car would have two or three. Mass production, instalment buying and the diffusion of stock ownership were the heralds of the new order.

Then came the dawn, as they say in the movies. And with it the headache of disillusion; the wiping out of profits in the stock market (and not only in the stock market), the snagging of the machinery of mass production and the decreasing tempo of industrial life, all bringing with them unemployment to millions, partial employment to other millions, and fear of one or the other of these cruel eventualities to millions more.

It is but fair to say that in the last decade there were some voices lifted in warning against over-speculation, over-expansion of credit, the discounting of future legitimate needs by high pressure salesmanship and by pushing to the limit the partial payment plan. But these were voices crying in the wilderness and they went unheeded. Why bother about the future was the general feeling. The future would take care of itself. America had a long lease on prosperity.

It is interesting and perhaps profitable to look back thus and follow each of our recent cyclical depressions from its origin to its end. The study is perhaps not without ironical if not bitter implications. Looking back in this way we learn that exactly the same mistakes were made in dealing with the problem of unemployment in 1893 as in 1907, 1914, 1921 and 1929-30.

In every depression of the last half-century there have been many whose wisdom has not gone beyond "saying it with breadlines." Food, shelter and clothing have been the limits of these programs. Those who supported these measures, rushing in to dole out haphazard relief in sentimental fashion, have all too frequently lost sight of the primary aims of relief, the necessity for upholding the self-respect and self-reliance of the individuals who may be

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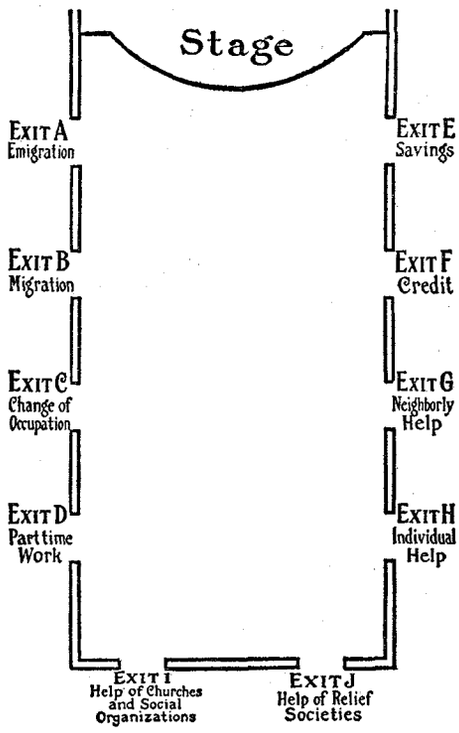
assisted. Relief has been administered without regard to the real needs of the families. Instead of handling the family problem as a whole, through one agency, the problem has been split up into fragments, with children getting shoes in school, father receiving clothes at one agency and mother receiving food elsewhere.

The foregoing remarks are prompted by the publication a few days ago of a compilation of recommendations on "Community Planning in Unemployment Emergencies," by Joanna C. Colcord, Director of the Charity Organization Department of the Russell Sage Foundation. These recommendations grew out of experiences with unemployment crises since 1893 and observation of emergency relief measures under way at present in fifty cities. Copies are being sent by Colonel Arthur Woods, head of the Federal Emergency Employment Committee, to the heads of all local emergency committees with which the President's Committee has been in communication.

One could wish that this Sage pamphlet of 86 pages, containing as it does a veritable blueprint of how to act in an unemployment emergency, had been well thumbed a year before the present depression by all who have lately been called upon to assist to any degree in alleviating the effects of unemployment. For here we find not only the mistakes made in the past but also an invaluable program of action resulting from study of these mistakes. Alas, that so many of the programs are still for future enactment. For instance we find that in 1917 the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment in New York, in a report on "How to Meet Hard Times," advocated the abolition of breadlines, by legal enactment if necessary, on the ground that they were a hindrance to real relief, extremely demoralizing and not even a sufficient means of accomplishing their object. While hunger might be staved off for a few hours, the meals are hardly ever sufficiently nutritious and continuous to keep body and soul in full health and vigor.

Thirteen years after this report we find that there are fifty-three breadlines, soup kitchens and similar mass feeding and free lodging places in New York City. A breadline is a well-advertised charity and that may be one of the reasons impelling kindly individuals and organizations to rush to set them up once a crisis is declared.

Speaking of the panic of 1893, Josephine Shaw Lowell, a nationally known leader in social work, told of the publicity forced on those receiving gifts from newspapers, the standing in line, the struggling on the street and at the doors, the publishing of names and descriptions—all of which she said was "a further degradation, a moral stripping naked of the suffering and the poor, which was cruel in the extreme." On the whole the newspapers have greatly improved in their methods of raising funds and distributing them, but even now we find a metropolitan daily printing each day the description of a needy family,



WALK, DON'T RUN

Emergency exits in hard times—a graph from the Sage report

with name and address and a story of the response of its readers. Perhaps such a newspaper is obsessed with the idea that "all contributions go for relief, none for overhead." Only those who have gone beneath the surface of such a situation can know that rehabilitation of a family requires the most expert handling, possibly the cooperation of half a dozen agencies and weeks of patient study and effort by many people. In the end if rehabilitation is accomplished it is due not to the comparatively slight amount of money that may be classed as "relief" furnished the family, but to the painstaking effort of all those working together to make the family solvent again.

Yet we find that while some newspapers keep the names of their needy cases anonymous, others still follow the practice of exposing these wretched people to the publicity of their columns, compelling them to visit central food stations and take away bags of food labelled with the insignia of the newspaper's particular fund.

The same advertising of poverty exists in New York City where those found needy by the police are compelled to go to police stations every fortnight or so and drag away through the streets an enormous bag of seventy-five pounds of food. Truly these people are made to feel the humility of tasting the bread of charity. In more refreshing contrast is the work of the permanent, private social agencies. The Emergency Employment Committee which raised $8,000,000 to provide jobs in the parks and in non-profit-making institutions for the heads of families at $5 a day for three days a week is to be complimented for expending this sum through such existing agencies rather than giving way to any temptation to create a new relief organization. Those being helped by this organization buy their own bread, earned in the sweat of their brows; they salvage pride and self-respect and, incidentally, help keep the local merchant going by spending their earnings in his store.

Lack of space prevents more than a general reference to the mistakes made by well-intentioned individuals in handling unemployment crises. There exists in New York and other cities a confidential exchange known as the Social Service Exchange, a device for the exchange of information among social agencies about families in need and to prevent waste and duplication of efforts. At the exchange is a large card index with the names of individuals or families which may have applied to any agency for relief in the past.

When, just before the last election, Mayor Walker announced that he was appointing a committee to handle the problem of municipal relief, it was assumed that the police in investigating cases would clear them through the Exchange, the only central agency which had any information on such cases. Whatever the reason may have been, political or otherwise, there was a delay, wholly unnecessary, before police cooperation with the clearing house was approved. Then, with the best intentions in the world, the police, despite their honesty and zeal, made serious mistakes. They were not to be blamed, for on

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▸▸ Point After Touchdown ◂◂

By GEORGE TREVOR

WHY the extra point after touchdown? That's what the amalgamated order of intercollegiate football coaches asked somewhat heatedly in their recent meeting at the Hotel Astor, New York City.

Your coach is no stand-patter, no dyed in the wool conservative. He is something of a Bolshevist when it comes to revising that exceedingly fluid code known as the football rules. He is for bigger and better tampering, is forever demanding rule changes calculated to reduce luck to a minimum.

Legislative power is not vested in the coaches' association. The professional teachers of the game can merely submit recommendations to the rules committee. At least that's how these independent bodies function in theory. Actually, the coaches have been able to coerce, or should I say coax, the rules committee into promulgating amendments.

The coaches are responsible for the dead ball rule which prohibits the recoverer of a fumble from advancing the leather. Avowedly this revolutionary change was sponsored to save impressionable boys from the consequence of a manual error, to keep them from being pilloried in the sports pages for a damaging fumble. In reality, however, the coaches had an ulterior motive—were anxious to protect their reputations by eliminating fluky touchdown runs.

They got what they wanted in the matter of fumble restrictions. Now they urge the abolition of the try for point after touchdown, an anomalous ritual which is just as apt to beat the better eleven as it is to swing victory toward the heavier battalions. The average coach would prefer a tie score rather than gamble on victory or defeat via the luck-ridden try for point. His nights are haunted by the ghoulish spectre of a 7-6 defeat, wherein his team has outrushed the winners three yards to one only to be victimized by a fluky "break."

To answer the question, "Why the try for point?" one must go back to the English tap roots of our intercollegiate game. The point after touchdown is a vestigial remainder from Rugby. In Rugger, a game emphasizing the use of feet, the goal is the supreme objective. A touchdown, termed a "try," is chiefly a means to an end, as you can perceive by glancing at the Rugby scale of points, viz: Field goal 4; goal after touchdown (or try) 2; the try itself 3.

A Rugby touchdown, unconverted, is worth only three points. It is topped by a field goal. Conversely, a converted try counts five points, thus trumping a goal from the field. After a goal line crossing in Rugby, the ball must be brought out at least fifteen yards and kicked from a point directly in line (longitudinally) with the spot at which the ball was carried over for the try or touchdown.

Thus, if a runner scores in the extreme corner of the field, the goal must be attempted from a spot close to the side line at a sharp tangent. The kicker has the option of bringing the ball back more than fifteen yards, thus making the angle less acute. He can kick from the forty yard line if he so elects.

When sundry American colleges adopted a modified version of Rugby back in the seventies they retained the cardinal principle of the try for point. For example, the collegiate convention of 1883 allocated points on this scale: touchdown, 2; goal after touchdown, 4; field goal, 5. The touchdown was subordinated to the ensuing try for goal. Hammering the ball across the last chalk merely gave the offensive team the privilege of a free kick at the crossbar. The goal was the thing; the foot was exalted above the human arm. We really played football in those days.

Little by little, Walter Camp's game drifted away from the Rugby doctrine that the goal was the primary objective. This trend is evidenced by the progressive downward revision of field goal values. In the nineties, for instance, the value of a touchdown and the goal after touchdown were exactly the reverse of what they had originally been, viz: touchdown, 4; goal after touchdown, 2.

Even this transposition of scoring values did not satisfy those who wanted to soft-pedal kicking. They kept whittling away until today a touchdown counts six points, a converted try yields a measly one point, and a field goal is worth only three paltry markers.

Worse still, an incongruously synthetic option is now offered to the side scoring a touchdown. The ball is placed on the two yard line and the quarterback has three alternatives in his quest of the extra point: he may rush; forward pass; or kick a goal. What inanity is this! You smash, let us say, off tackle or pass into the end zone for a second touchdown which really isn't a touchdown at all since it counts only one point. Surely such an option savors of the farcical.

For the goal, with its gallows-like uprights pricked out against the sky, we Americans have substituted a whitewashed line as the citadel to be stormed. I have no quarrel with this variation in objective, but if we are to make the goal line rather than the goal our supreme aim, why do we cling so tenaciously to the Rugby policy of converting after touchdown? That contingent attempt to score is meaningless unless it is restricted to a kick for goal. Why permit a team to so add a pseudo touchdown (worth one point) to a legitimate one?

LET's be constructive. In regard to the controversial try for point I suggest two alternative reforms: either abolish the attempt to convert or return to the punt-out and fair catch procedure in vogue before the War. In the latter scheme, employed with general satisfaction for a quarter of a century, the scoring side was required to kick goal from a point opposite the spot where the ball crossed the touchdown line. If the angle was acute, however, the offensive side was allowed to punt the ball out from the goal line to one of its own men stationed back of the fifteen yard mark in front of the goal. The punt catcher was required to heel a fair catch. If he fumbled the ball, or if the kick carried beyond his reach, his team automatically forfeited the try for goal.

This procedure emphasized skill in kicking and catching, besides placing a premium on centering the ball in making a touchdown. The plan was dramatic, since the defending players were required to line up beneath their own goal posts, whence they charged down on the kicker as the referee's arm fell, semaphore fashion. All the action happened out in the open. It was exciting to watch the kicker stoop down to tilt the ball which was held end up by a colleague lying prone. There was a tense moment as the kicker took a last squint at the crossbar, drew back his foot, and let fly.

That old method had its faults, but it was a lot saner and considerably more thrilling than the present hodgepodge which like the duck-billed platypus is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. What's more, it isn't football.

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Why So Many Banks Fail

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

WITHIN the past decade there have been approximately six thousand bank suspensions in the United States, affecting some two billion dollars of deposits. The mortality during 1930 reached a new high record. In the first eleven months there were 981 suspensions, a number not equalled previously in any full year.

An examination of the data of bank suspensions brings out two very significant facts: first, the mortality rate has greatly increased since the World War; and second, the failures prior to the present depression have been confined largely to rural banks. During a period of eight years 40 per cent of the failures occurred in villages of less than 1,000 inhabitants, and 90 per cent in places of less than 10,000. Nearly two-thirds of the suspended banks had a capital of $25,000 or less, and approximately three-fourths were capitalized at less than $50,000.

In the period from 1921 to 1924 there was an epidemic of bank failures in the Middle West. The high prices of farm products during the War years had led to much speculation in land in this section, and the banks lent money on this land at its inflated value. Then came the slump in grain prices, and the consequent drop in the value of farm lands left the banks with frozen credits and badly secured loans. Many failures followed. About a year ago the Comptroller of the Currency reported that in four of these states from 40 to 50 per cent of the banks which were in existence in 1920 had failed, and that in six other states from 20 to 40 per cent had failed.

The collapse of the real-estate boom in Florida brought another epidemic of failures in 1926-27. In 1928-29 the number of failures declined, although on account of the continued depression in farming regions it remained far above that of pre-war years. Then came the business recession of 1930, with the rise of the mortality rate to a new high record, as already described.

The collapse of banks in a period when business is depressed and land values and commodity prices are declining is understandable. The decade 1920-30, however, in spite of a few lean years, witnessed the greatest expansion of business activity in the country's history, and yet throughout this period, in good years as well as in bad, the number of failures remained persistently above normal. Undoubtedly there were too many weak banks, but that condition also prevailed before 1920 and brought no such unhappy consequences. We have had much agricultural depression since 1920, but we have also had this in earlier years with no such effects on the banking system.

The failure of so many country banks is due in no small degree to profound changes in social conditions which are taking place in the United States. Small town banks are going to the wall because much of the business in small towns is likewise going to the wall. Local small-scale industries are disappearing with the growth of mass production. Manufacturing is being more and more concentrated in a few large centers. The village grist-mill, tannery, foundry, slaughter-pen, saw mill and planing works have largely disappeared. The independent merchants have given way to the chain stores.

As a rule, neither the chain stores nor the filling-stations set up by the big oil companies require any financing by the local bank, and these have largely taken the place of other village business establishments. Meantime, paved roads and automobiles are shifting trade from the villages to the neighboring cities. Deprived of much of their former support, the country banks find it increasingly difficult to keep going.

In addition to these social and economic developments, certain changes have been taking place in the banking system itself which have placed the rural banks at a further disadvantage. As Dr. B. M. Anderson, Jr., economist of the Chase National Bank, recently pointed out, the Federal Reserve's insistence upon the par collection of checks has wiped out one important source of their earnings. This practice, whereby country banks made an exchange charge on checks drawn on themselves and presented for payment by out-of-town banks, ought to have been abolished, as it was an indefensible tax on business, but its elimination has caused a substantial loss to many banks.

Furthermore, the various new agencies established by the federal government for supplying credits to farmers have also taken business from the country banks. The government in 1916 set up regional Farm Loan Banks and provided also for a system of Joint-Stock Land Banks. These institutions were designed to make long-term loans to farmers for the purchase of land, live stock and equipment. Then in 1923 came the provision for Intermediate Credit Banks, which were intended mainly for cattle loans. Finally, in 1929 came the Agricultural Marketing Act, with its provisions for making direct loans of government funds to agricultural co-operatives through the Farm Board. The net effect of these various government activities has been to deprive many small banks of opportunities to earn a profit.

The business depression of the past year has widened the area of bank casualties as well as increased the number. In the last two months of 1930 the epidemic of failures became virulent. The Federal Reserve Board reported 236 suspensions for November alone. The sharp increase in that month was due largely to the troubles of a chain-banking system in Arkansas and Kentucky. This episode is of peculiar interest because of its bearing on the question of the relative merits of group and unit banking. Chain banking has been championed as a corrective of the recognized weaknesses of country banking, but recent experience shows that, whatever its inherent merits, it supplies no substitute for good management.

The last few weeks of 1930 brought a new turn in the trend of bank failures. A number of failures occurred in the Northeast, where previously they had been exceedingly rare. In November, the month of greatest mortality on record, there was not a single suspension in the Boston, New York and Philadelphia federal reserve districts, and there were only fifteen in these districts during the first eleven months of the year, while for the rest of the country there were 966. In December, however, there came the spectacular closing of the Bank of United States in New York City, an institution with sixty branches and 400,000 depositors. Next came the closing of the Chelsea Bank and Trust Company and the suspension of an important bank in Philadelphia. Meantime, troubles were reported in several smaller eastern cities. But unlike the bank failures in farming sections, the suspensions in the industrial East so far have been isolated phenomena, and they are by no means symptomatic of the general banking situation.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

2% Gesture

IN REDUCING its rediscount rate to the lowest level reached since the establishment of the Federal Reserve system, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York doubtless had more than one object in view.

The main objective, in all probability, was to help business by serving general notice that plenty of money and ample credit are available for the legitimate purposes of production and distribution. Another was to broadcast the idea that the recent troubles of certain commercial banks in New York have developed no real weakness in our financial fabric. If the Federal Reserve directors had been apprehensive in regard to the effect of bank failures, they would have been more likely to increase the rediscount rate in order to check possible withdrawals of funds from New York.

A third motive back of the reduction to 2 per cent may be found in international finance. The Bank of France rediscount rate is now 2½ per cent and the Bank of England rate 3 per cent. During the past year New York, London and Paris have kept in close touch, rate changes in one center generally being followed by corresponding changes in the other financial capitals. New York now suggests to London and Paris: "Go thou and do likewise."

To some observers the reduction to 2 per cent is "a mere gesture." A gesture, perhaps, but we are not so sure about the "mere." The right kind of a gesture might save us. Our troubles of 1930 were due very largely to bad psychology. If they are cured in 1931, and they will be, a substitution of good psychology for bad will turn the trick, and a 2 per cent rediscount rate is certainly good psychology.

Big Year for Insurance

SALES of life insurance in the United States during 1930 exceeded eighteen and one-half billion dollars, a total which is only 4 per cent under that of the record-breaking year of 1929. The number of policyholders was increased during the year by 1,000,000 to 68,000,000, or 54 per cent of the country's population.

Total life insurance in force at the end of the year was approximately $108,500,000,000, which is ten times the amount in force at the end of 1902 and more than five times the total at the end of 1922. During 1930 American life insurance companies paid out $2,800,000,000 to policyholders and beneficiaries. This was $238,000,000 more than during 1929, the previous record year.

To add a million new policyholders in such a year as 1930 was a remarkable achievement. Improved sales methods contributed largely to the result. Solicitors were better trained than ever before and were more intelligently directed by their managerial superiors. Insurance advertising copy had unusual punch, and this prepared the way most effectively for the mopping-up operations of the solicitors and agents.

There was, however, another factor which had much to do with the progress made by life insurance in 1930. The depression itself turned thousands of people from the brokers to the underwriters. The get-rich-quick plan had worked out with reverse English, and losers in Wall Street looked eagerly about for something less spectacular and more dependable. They found it in life insurance.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) December 25—79.0. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) December 25—69.4.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended December 13—744,443 cars (reduction of 42,730 under preceding week and of 178,418 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended December 20 —34% of capacity (reduction of 3% under preceding week and of 29% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended December 20—daily average gross 2,202,200 barrels (reduction of 30,650 under preceding week and of 431,600 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended December 20—532,000 bushels (reduction of 171,000 under preceding week and of 46,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended December 25 (holiday week)—$7,743,655,000 (reduction of 26.2% under preceding week and of 25.2% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended December 25 (holiday week)—457 (reduction of 147 under preceding week; increase of 61 over same week of 1929).

Automotive Roundup

RESULTS important to motor manufacture as a world industry are likely to follow the get-together of American and foreign manufacturers and dealers during the Automobile Show held in New York.

Exports of American-made automobiles during 1930 totaled approximately 561,000 units. Foreign sales of our cars were slightly more than half the amount necessary to satisfy reasonable replacement requirements. This points to increased exports during 1931, and our chances are further improved by the impetus given to highway construction and motorization in foreign countries by the recent International Road Congress.

Foreign executives now in the United States for the conference include Emil Salmson, president of the Swedish Automobile Dealers' Association; F. A. Rettaneh of Beirut, Syria; Paul Cappel, representative of the Automobile Dealers' Association of Germany; R. A. Cavin, vice-president of the Automobile Club of Europe; and J. G. Shirley, president of the Automobile Dealers' Association of Mexico.

American executives taking part in the conference, which is staged by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, include Robert E. Graham, vice-president of Graham-Paige Motors Corporation; Roy D. Chapin, chairman of the board of Hudson-Essex; and H. H. Rice, chairman of the Legislative Committee of the N. A. C. C.

A Century of Cataclysms

ON THE principle that misery loves company, those who bought 'em high in 1929 and sold 'em low in 1930 may get some comfort out of *Our Mysterious Panics 1830-1930* (Morrow $2) by Charles Albert Collman.

The author's characterizations of the nineteenth and early twentieth century panics are picturesque. He writes of "the land craze" and the catastrophe of 1837; "the gold stimulant" and the cataclysm of 1857; "the railroad contrivers" and the visitation of 1873; "the gambling bankers" and the conjuncture of 1884; "the trust lunacies" and the panic of 1893; "the merger manias" and the Northern Pacific imbroglio of 1901; and "the battling bankers" and the object lesson of 1907.

Our worst panic was that of 1907. But did it teach Wall Street a lasting lesson? Not at all. What is to be done in the light of the sordid developments of 1929 and 1930? All panics, Mr. Collman answers, are man-made. The thing to do is to restrict the activities of the men who make them.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Sweden—Germany—America

TWO of the nobler Nobel prize winners, foreigners, and one of our finest novelists in his prize-worthy vein, are represented among the authors of New Year's books. Selma Lagerlöf's Löwensköld trilogy is completed with the third novel, *Anna Svärd,* which, with *The General's Ring* and *Charlotte Löwensköld,* is published as *The Ring of the Löwensköld*s (Doubleday, Doran $3). The Löwensköld ring is a sort of Niebelungen ring. Its theft from the grave of the old general and its recovery, which make the first novel, motivate to a certain extent the second and third, for the evil genius of the later Löwenskölds is the daughter of the woman who found and restored the ring to the family and was cheated of her reward. The Lagerlöf saga is distinguished by its beautifully developed picture of Swedish bourgeois society in the last century. Readers of the second volume of the trilogy will recall the young minister, Karl Arthur, whose turbulent romance with his cousin Charlotte furnished the theme for that novel. This character is still further developed in *Anna Svärd.* Anna is the "God-chosen" bride whom Karl Arthur takes in defiance of love and common sense both. Karl Arthur is a splendid study of the saintly type in its Nordic manifestation. His resemblance to some of our own Puritan saints is marked. In him a bleak pietism, a confused self-righteousness and an emotional eloquence swirl about, tossed by every impulse, every wind of untutored passion. To those who love him as an individual, he is unpredictable and incomprehensible, ruthless, weak, hysterical, silly, caught by every deceitful trick. To those who hear him as a preacher, he is a saint, capable of swaying the most stolid audience into feats of courage and self-abnegation. In *Charlotte Löwensköld,* we saw him tricked by Shea, the agent of the curse of the ring, into turning against the girl he loved, and against the tenderest of human ties, and taking the bride "God chose for him," the Dalecarlian peasant girl. In *Anna Svärd,* we see the peasant bride fighting for him against both Shea and Charlotte, a beautiful independent and resourceful creature, the classic peasant type. The long and complicated story of the trilogy cannot be retold. It progresses from folk-tale in the first volume to comedy of manners in the third; carried smoothly on a pure, simple, thoroughly Scandinavian style; illuminated by the minute perfection of the characterizations, the wealth of dramatic incident, objectivity, humor and mellow humanity of Selma Lagerlöf's gift.

No greater contrast could exist than that between the manner of Selma Lagerlöf and the manner of Thomas Mann. Mann's new book is a long short story, *Mario and the Magician* (Knopf $1.50). This he himself describes as a "tragedy of travel." In speaking of it in his *Sketch of My Life* (just published in English in a limited edition by Harrison of Paris) he writes that "the fable grew out of an anecdote . . . . the personal turned into the ethical and symbolic." This description applies in essence to all of Mann's work. Here he presents impressions of a stay at an Italian seaside resort and gives an account of an incident which occurred there. The atmosphere of the garish, sun-burned town to which the Mann family had come at the wrong season is perfectly felt. There is the sense of not-belonging, of being looked at askance by the Italians (whose season it is), the isolation, the fatigue of living in the midst of people of unfamiliar habit. There is the sense of relief and diversion when a performance by a juggler and magician is announced and attended. And then there is the development of the heart of the story—the hypnotist, vicious and powerful; the staring vacuity of his subjects; the foolish inconsequence of their gestures contrasted to the horrid purposefulness of his; his cold, sure movements, his eyes. Then the climax: the hypnotist's unveiling before the eyes of the snickering audience the secret yearnings of his victim's heart. Then the sudden change, and Mario, the gentle café-waiter, becoming Mario, the murderer. And the rapid fall of action; the hurried exit of the Mann family, sleepy children thinking that what they have seen is part of the play, shocked parents saying "yes, yes, part of the play, part of the play." And "yes, yes, part of the play," it is to Thomas Mann, cool, confident impresario. For all its brevity, *Mario and the Magician* is a fine example of Mann's work. The admiration which it evokes is the same as would be evoked by the performance of a master surgeon stopping in the midst of vital and complicated operations to remove, with amazingly swift and dexterous fingers, a splinter from a small boy's thumb. In many ways Mann is the most representative novelist of the scientific age.

Illustration from "Jeb Stuart," written and illustrated by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr. (Scribner's)

And Joseph Hergesheimer is one of the least representative. Essentially an American writer, he lacks the detachment and intellectualized confidence of the Continental. Unless it inspires him to weep into his beer as he did in *Swords and Roses,* Hergesheimer is at his best when writing of the American heritage. *The Limestone Tree* (Knopf $2.50) is a stirring and fascinating novel, or group of connected stories, dealing with the development of a local and family tradition. The scene is the bluegrass region of Kentucky. In the first story we find Gabriel Sash, a Long Hunter,

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and James Abel, a pioneer settler. Sash marries Nancy Abel and leaves her with her young son, disappearing forever into the forest. Throughout the generations that follow the qualities of rover and settler fuse and develop into the responsibility, fortitude, integrity and passion which mark the descendants of Gabriel Sash and Nancy Abel throughout the turbulent years of Kentucky's history until the end of the nineteenth century.

Hergesheimer, James Boyd and Elizabeth Madox Roberts are easily the leading historical novelists of our country today. It is interesting that all three should have written, lately, of Kentucky. Elizabeth Roberts is essentially a ballad-maker. Her *Great Meadow* has the even, emotional pace, the singsong rhythm of the folk-ballad. Boyd and Hergesheimer are romantic historians who build up a background of accurate, brilliant and telling detail against which their characters move, more or less completely articulated, psychologically, to the end of presenting a period and the men typical of it. In *The Limestone Tree* Hergesheimer has played most skilfully upon the fascinating theme of the persistence of family characteristics. He sets one Sash-Abel descendant after another at a big fence, and shows how each one approaches it, takes off, jumps it and recovers himself in a certain definite form. The Long Hunter and the Long Hunter's deserted wife who commits murder to save her son; the Federalist in the midst of Black Republicans who dies calmly for his convictions; the lover who sets his love aside soberly in order to meet a debt of honor; the neutral, holding to his faith in the face of a state divided into two opposing battle-camps; the Civil War Sashes and Abels, fighting each other; and so on through the years until there is a crystallized tradition resting broad upon the bluegrass fields and the forests that Abels and Sashes have lived and died for.

How the Hergesheimer who can write so rich and moving a narrative as *The Limestone Tree* can permit himself to descend on the one hand to the mawkish sentimentality of *Swords and Roses* and on the other to the trivial vulgarity of *The Party Dress,* is one of the most curious of contemporary literary problems. One is permitted to hope that *The Limestone Tree* truly represents the turning over of a new leaf for the New Year.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

MARIE, Grand Duchess of Russia and first cousin of the last Czar, probably entitles her just published memoirs *Education of a Princess* (Viking Press $3.50) with something the same implication as Henry Adams had in his book of similar name—that is, she shows us the very hard lessons that life itself taught her. It was her lot to grow up in the splendors of court and palace only to see the Russian Empire crumble, to flee for her life from the Revolution, to marry and divorce Prince William of Sweden, to marry a man for whom she cared, to escape to America and there to take up the burdens of ordinary citizenship; or, as her publishers say, to adapt herself to democracy and apply the practical lessons of this "education." It is a thrilling story the Princess has to tell and it is extremely well told. She has a positive gift for narrative and description. Particularly interesting is her account of her war service as a Red Cross nurse, which was far from being a mere ceremonial affair, and she declares that the time spent in war work was the happiest of her life. Her brother, Dmitri, was concerned in the Rasputin assassination, and the chapters on that matter are sure to attract attention. Altogether, the book is quite unusual in its popular appeal and its intensity. Readers of Dr. Munthe's books will be interested and puzzled by a passage about him. Marie calls him "Dr. M." but the identity is plain. She saw him in Capri; he was at first charming, patient and helpful, then became dictatorial and severe and threatened to be "the absolute dictator of the course of my life." Apparently the explanation is that Marie was then on the point of separation from her husband, Prince William, and "Dr. M." was on the side of the Swedish royal family. We shall be much surprised if this inner view of Russia in its tragic struggle does not attract wide attention.

TWO volumes of short stories about the Great War appear in the same week: one of English authorship, the other Austrian. Richard Aldington's *Roads to Glory* (Doubleday, Doran $2.50) is far superior as literature, as might be expected, coming from the pen of the imagist poet and author of *Death of a Hero,* pronounced by one critic the most distinguished novel about the war to be written in English. The title, *Roads to Glory,* is indicative of the bitter irony that pervades the book. Every one of the varied happenings described voices the futility, the folly and the agony of war. If ever a case were proven and overproven, it is that of the hellishness and idiocy of war. But so far not even Einstein can formulate a hopeful programme to abolish war. It must not be inferred, however, that Mr. Aldington's stories are argumentative rather than reportorial. *At All Costs* is one of the clearest accounts of a minor war action ever written. *A Bundle of Letters* is almost humorous. Dr. Joseph Tannenbaum's *Mad Heroes* (Knopf $2.50) is a collection of odd, dramatic, or terrible incidents in soldier-life. Here the author's interest is stronger in the telling of the story than in anti-war propaganda. *The Spy,* for instance, is a powerful tale from which a play might be written. Other of the stories are grotesque or horrible; none are weak or commonplace.—R. D. T.

"MACKEREL SKY" by Helen Ashton (Doubleday, Doran $2.50) is rather a disappointment after her *Dr. Serocold* of last year, which, if you remember, was a finely drawn portrait of the old-fashioned family physician. Both novels are limited in their time compass; *Dr. Serocold* being the story of a single day in the life of the elderly physician. *Mackerel Sky* chronicles the events of a few months in the lives of Gilbert and Elizabeth who married for love but after five years find it slipping through their fingers. Their household is not a normal one, with Gilbert staying home of days to write his novels and Elizabeth working as head saleswoman in an exclusive dress shop in order to augment the rather slim income which came from the sale of his books. It is little wonder that they get on each other's nerves with Elizabeth coming home tired and cross and Gilbert having nothing to show for his day's work. When she discovers that she is going to have a child she feels only resentment, but thinking it may clear the rising storm, she decides to go through with it. Just then one of Gilbert's novels catches on and he finds himself the cen-

The Outlook's Five-Inch Shelf
For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **Up the Ladder of Gold,** by G. Phillips Oppenheim: Little Brown.
Novel: **The Ring of the Löwenskölds,** by Selma Lagerlöf: Doubleday Doran.
Biography: **The Education of a Princess,** by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking.
Miscellaneous: **Mario and the Magician,** by Thomas Mann: Knopf.

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ter of an admiring group. Among them is Sibyl, a girl he had known some years back. She decides it would be fun to have a distinguished author on her string. But just when Gilbert has decided that Sibyl is his one-great-love, she trots off with her South American husband from whom she has been estranged. In the meantime Elizabeth has run off to Gilbert's mother. He finds her there and with the air of a petulant small boy who brings a broken toy to his mother, he says of Sibyl, "Oh, Elizabeth, she's gone," and puts his head in Elizabeth's lap. Although the novel as a whole leaves one without any sense of sustained excellence, there are a number of things about the book which point to a standard of achievement which, had it been maintained, would have produced a novel equal in importance with *Dr. Serocold*. Strangely enough the character that occupies fewest pages is one of the most well defined and charming in the book. He is the young doctor who is called in for a flu attack of Gilbert's and whom Elizabeth later consults when she knows the child is coming. Coincidentally he is a nephew of Dr. Serocold, which leads us to believe that this young lady's particular genius lies in the field of portraying physicians. A simple statement of this relationship is the only link which connects the present novel with the previous one. Gilbert's mother is another of the minor characters that stand out in excellence of portrayal, emanating a calm philosophical resignation to life and its manifold facets. Possibly the finest touch in the entire book is the masterly understanding which Miss Ashton brings to her portrayal of Gilbert's frailties and Elizabeth's maternal comprehension and indulgence of them. After one of their harshest battles he said to her, "Even if you do leave me, Betsinda, you'll always come back to me because we belong to each other." Profound as was this conviction with him he none the less brings to her the trials and disappointments of his love for Sibyl and expects Elizabeth to share them as she would have shared some common disaster. And Elizabeth, who must have wanted to cry out, "How can you bring this to me? I am your wife not your mother," only takes him in her arms and comforts the loss of his toy.

OF AN entirely different type is Henry Channon's *Paradise City* (Dutton $2.50). Here is a novel which reminds one in its spirit and its construction of Louis Bromfield's *The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg* inasmuch as each of the five parts of the book takes up the story of each character or group of characters and follows it through with little relationship to the events which affect the lives of the other characters. In a certain sense the different parts of the book are novelettes, so complete in itself is each; but each is linked to the other with little bits of news and information dropped in a casual manner yet having profound bearing on the progress of the story taken as a single unit. The plot of the complete narrative is much too many-sided to attempt to outline it in a brief review. It concerns itself with a group of people from Paradise City, Wisconsin, who are given freedom of action by a sudden financial boom. There is the story of Amy Plank, that incurable sentimentalist who became the bride of a statue after she had been deserted by her Polish cellist; of Danny Springer, voluntary expatriate who tried to sublimate himself in a love of Venice; of Polly Peacock who with the combined weapons of devastating beauty and an astounding ability for assimilation and imitation, forged her way from being the miller's daughter in Paradise City to the position of English duchess and hostess of royalty; of Rosie who was found in a basket on old Mrs. Tyler's doorstep and grew up to spend her life fighting the battle of Paris; and of Bridget Barlow who used her husband's money to carve out for herself the niche of social dictator of Chicago. The novel is confused in its beginning due to the introduction of so many characters within the first few pages but after the author finishes with the awkward task of introducing and identifying his characters the novel really gets under way and maintains suspense, excitement, and curiosity throughout in spite of the unusual division of the narrative. Mr. Channon has employed numerous devices in the construction of his book but they are utilized in such a skilful fashion that they never prove annoying. To mention only one of them: he has a curious little way of suddenly introducing incidents of real moment in such unexpected places that the reader has passed them before he fully realizes them. It is a novel particularly well done and its author is well worth watching. —B. W.

"PORTRAIT BY CAROLINE" by Sylvia Thompson (Little, Brown $2.50). This novel is the January selection of the Book League of America. It is the usual deft English novel of manners and class. The theme is the common one of an essentially frivolous woman whose scientist husband gives her less spontaneous attention than she craves and who turns for fulfillment in the usual, and usually wrong, direction of another man. Caroline finds her escape from life in painting. She paints an author in the image of her own ideal. But her vision turns out to have been myopic. She has seen neither his common sense nor his sense of honor. The slight drama is played against an English country setting with London and Paris scenes for variety. Several secondary characters add color to the incidents which build the plot. They are not more than loosely developed, but they are vivid and impress the reader with the author's sure understanding of feminine types. The dialogue is lifelike, clever and truthful, many of the epigrammatic descriptive phrases are brilliant, such interest as the novel has (and for many readers it will be considerable) resting upon intelligent characterization and skilful writing rather than upon significance of theme.

"TESTAMENT of a Critic" by George Jean Nathan (Knopf $2.50). As a general critic Nathan is distinguished for three precious and not sufficiently common qualities: he always means what he says, he belongs to no set school, and he is afraid of nobody. As a critic of the drama, he adds to these three the at present unsurpassed knowledge of his subject. More than half of his *Testament* is given to criticism of the theatre and allied subjects. The rest of the book is comment on American life and letters in general. Many of Nathan's "Proverbs" deserve quotation for their soundness as well as for their wit. Sometimes Nathan falls into the tiresome *American Mercury* manner and vocabulary, and sometimes he makes the common mistake of questioning the sincerity of those who do not agree with him. But as a whole his criticism is as stimulating as it is brilliant. This reviewer would like especially to recommend his book to OUTLOOK readers.—F. L. R.

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Behind the Blurbs

NINE times out of ten when a novel that has had a great success in Germany, France or Italy falls flat in America, the blame is put on the translation. And nine times out of ten it is put in the right place. Careless and inadequate translation has ruined a great many foreign masterpieces. For this reason it is a pleasure to find one German novel that has been well translated. Basil Creighton's translation of Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel*[1], the dramatization of which has recently opened in New York, is extremely well done. It is the story of half a dozen people and what happened to them during their stay in a huge Berlin hotel. The little bookkeeper from the provinces with only a short time to live, the general manager of a cotton goods house, anxious to put over a deal, the pretty typist, the ageing Russian dancer, the gentleman crook—all these and others go in through the revolving doors and after a time go out again—but they are never the same as when they went in. It is a fine, vivid novel, and its people are real—you can walk around them and see them from all sides. We thoroughly enjoyed it. ♣ ♣ ♣ We've been meaning for some time to say a word in praise of *The Savoy Cocktail Book*[2], but it's one of those books that it's hard to get perspective on, if you know what we mean. In fact, it's one of the hardest books to get through that we ever started. You read a few pages and then you say to yourself: "That sounds like a good one." Then you do one of two things. Either you try it, or else you find that it calls for Creme Yvette, and there isn't any and you have to go out to try to get some. In either case, like Paolo and Francesca, you read no further in the book that day. What we did finally in order to have something to say about it more definite than just inarticulate whoops, was to turn quickly over to the back and read all about wines—and there's a very good discussion of them. Then we worked forward through cups, punches, frappés, etc.—creeping up on the cocktails again by the back way. For it's not all cocktails; other mixed drinks are included, and all compiled by Harry Craddock of the Savoy in London, and amusingly illustrated on every page in several colors. A very joyous book, in appearance, intent and effect. ♣ ♣ ♣ *East of the Hudson*[3] is a charming, leisurely series of essays written about New York by J. Brooks Atkinson, dramatic critic of the *New York Times*. It will show you some things about the city that few writers on New York have any knowledge of, and will prove to you that the lover of nature can live in the midst of skyscrapers and bustle and still be content. For big and brazen and civilized as the city is, it is nevertheless built on rocks and earth, and the sun and moon shine down on it, and water is all around it. Birds live in it, and green things sprout wherever there is a morsel of exposed soil. Nature has been pushed back, but only partially, and not very far. And so among the chapters on Greenwich Village, on the theatre, on the life of the city, there are others on birds, on the procession of the seasons, on the hills and the river and the flats. Mr. Atkinson has not been so blinded by the white lights that everything outside their narrow antic circle of illumination is invisible to him. For that reason his impression of New York seems to us a very true one. ♣ ♣ ♣ Oppenheim's short stories are never as good as his long ones. Those in *Slane's Long Shots*, chronicling ten adventures of Sir Jasper Slane, amateur detective sometimes called in when the ferrets of the law are at fault, are fair, but *Up the Ladder of Gold*[4], a novel about Warren Rand, the richest man in the world, is much better. Rand's one desire is for international peace, and in order to control the nations who are not eager to sign the peace pact he favors, he buys gold. The diplomatic battle is fought out at Antibes and along the Riviera, with the continual duel between Col. Tellesom, chief of Rand's bodyguard, and Behrling, the jovial and murderous German, providing the thrills. Fast, exciting and cleverly built, it runs true to Oppenheim form. ♣ ♣ ♣ Up into the bleak white silences of the Great North went Scotty, in *No Man's Woman*[5], in search of he knew not what. And darned if he didn't find it, in the shape of a horrible idol with a bag of gold buried at its foot, and as guardian a wild man with a blood-smeared mouth. Scotty's companion seemed to know what it was all about, but though scared, wouldn't tell, even though it was he who had hired Scotty to go with him. So back they went, chased by the wild man, and it wasn't until much later that Scotty found what it was all about. Leaving aside the style, which is preposterous, the story is fairly exciting, and the author seems to know his Alaska,—the reindeer and the malamutes and the headwaters of the Iglutalik (which is a tributary of the Koyukuk) and "the long silent mushing," as the blurb puts it. ♣ ♣ ♣ Sir Henry Polsue wasn't a very nice man, and so it is not surprising that he was found murdered on page 27 of *Stroke of One*[6]. Killed about 1 P. M. in the church tower when quite a lot of people were snooping about. Did the mysterious Chinee do it, or was the killer Bob Unwin, who so mysteriously disappeared? Detective Garstang finds out, after causing a mild scandal. We ourself guessed the answer fairly early in the game, but we read on with interest, for it's a very good thriller. ♣ ♣ ♣ Stephen McKenna's *The Cast Iron Duke*[7] is the story of the Duke of Leominster, who kept Eighteenth Century state in his castle on the Welsh marshes, and ruled his family with a rod of iron, and occasionally, we might say, with a whip of scorpions. But his granddaughter-in-law refused to allow her children to be ruined by the duke's peculiar educational theories, and with the help of a personable young tutor—oh yes, they fall in love—defeats the half mad old nobleman. A bit obvious as to plot, but readable and entertaining, with characters who will enlist your sympathy. ♣ ♣ ♣ More Akeley African adventures are told in *Adventures in the African Jungle*[8], as you may perchance have guessed from the title. Here are nights at the water hole and charging rhinos and black trackers and the chatter of monkeys—all that we have got accustomed to demanding of an African travel book. The pattern has become fairly well standardized. Which isn't to say that it's not a good pattern. We enjoyed this book, particularly Carl Akeley's chapter on Somaliland, and the one telling of the time when he was attacked and almost crushed by an elephant. ♣ ♣ ♣ Montreal is the setting of *The Murderer Returns*[9], an ingenious if rather overwritten detective story, wherein Mr. Alcock is found poisoned in his drawing room after having had several visitors, including a cat. Mr. A. was a thoroughly unpleasant person—he even tried to kiss our heroine—so his murder was more or less on the cards anyway. But you'll have some difficulty guessing how the crime occurred.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.
2. Smith, $2.50.
3. Knopf, $2.50.
4. Little Brown, $2.00.
5. By Aubrey Boyd: Dutton, $2.00.
6. By R. A. J. Walling: Morrow, $2.00.
7. Dodd Mead, $2.50.
8. By Carl and Mary L. J. Akeley: Dodd Mead, $3.00.
9. By Edwin Dial Torgerson: Smith, $2.00.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Philippa, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton Mifflin. A highly readable novel about a modern girl and her divorced parents. Reviewed November 5.

Imperial Palace, by Arnold Bennett: Doubleday Doran. A great London hotel is the real heroine of this long novel in which the overwhelming wealth of detail obscures the interest of characters and plot. Bennett's best in many years. Reviewed in issue of December 17.

The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield: Harcourt Brace. A rich, moving story of a woman's growth into fullness of life. Reviewed October 15.

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. Dextrous but undeceiving imitation of life in a story of New Yorkers. Reviewed September 24.

On Forsyte 'Change, by John Galsworthy: Scribner's. A group of new stories about the Forsytes. Reviewed October 29.

Non-Fiction

Little America, by Richard E. Byrd: Putnam. A complete account of the Antarctic Expedition. Reviewed in issue of December 24.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by F. Yeats-Brown: Viking Press. An exciting account of a many-sided life in India. Reviewed November 5.

Hullabaloo, by Peter Arno: Liveright. Another book of this artist's amusing drawings, many of which have appeared in *The New Yorker.* Reviewed in issue of December 10.

N by E, by Rockwell Kent: Brewer and Warren. Picturesque adventure on a trip to Labrador and Greenland copiously illustrated with the author-artist's vivid wood-cuts.

In This Issue

C. B. ALLEN learned to fly in the United States Army during the World War and has kept on flying ever since. Besides holding the rank of captain in the Air Corps Reserve, Mr. Allen is also a licensed transport pilot and was a competitor in last fall's National Air Races in Chicago. Mr. Allen is acquainted with all of America's leading aviators and accompanied Clarence Chamberlin on an air tour of Europe following the latter's transatlantic flight. Mr. Allen is also the aviation editor of the New York *World.*

RICHARD G. KNOTT began his newspaper career in Louisville, Kentucky, as a reporter, later rising to become editor and publisher of the Louisville *Post.* Mr. Knott has now given up his interest in the *Post* and is a resident of New York.

LOUIS STARK specializes in labor and social conditions for the New York *Times* and is a frequent contributor to the magazines. His latest contribution to the Outlook was "Jobs for Jobless."

Helping Is Now an Art

PROFESSIONAL social work is a woman's contribution to American civilization. Men are invading the field as it becomes more technical, better organized, and more heavily financed (hence more tempting); but the real pioneers were women. Among these none are more outstanding than the subjects of this review, Jane Addams and Mary E. Richmond.

Jane Addams, pioneer settlement worker, founded Hull House in Halsted Street, Chicago, in 1889. The same year Mary E. Richmond, pioneer exponent of family case work, became identified with the Charity Organization Society of Baltimore. The settlement attempted to abolish the slum by reviving neighborhood life. The charity organization movement set out to abolish poverty, or at least to raise charity out of the slough of morbid sentimentality. The respective fields of social endeavor chosen by these two women were diverse and complementary, though each was important in the evolution of modern urban society. These women have after forty years come to be symbolic of their respective branches of social work. Their rôles were different but their objectives and interests were identical.

Miss Addams was generally the promoter, organizer and popularizer of an ideal. Miss Richmond was the engineer, technician and efficiency expert within the ranks of the profession. Miss Addams became a figure in the public eye, while Miss Richmond was scarcely known outside her occupational circle, and intimately known by only a few within it. Both women were teachers as both were also leaders, but of different kinds of audiences.

As interpreter of the ideals of social work, Miss Addams, through books and lectures, has always had a genius for getting into the hearts of the people. Miss Richmond, until her death in 1928, had always confined herself to the philosophy of social work and the methods of meeting social problems. She was the advocate of efficiency in the technique of case work. To her social work was an art of helping people out of trouble, but in no sense a sentimental art.

Twenty Years at Hull House appeared in 1910. Miss Addams has written several books on social problems, but she is best known by this volume of intimate reminiscences. This year she published *The Second Twenty Years at Hull House* (Macmillan $4). The first book was a delightful narrative about the struggles of getting a settlement under way, of futile struggles with politicians and other struggles to banish the slum. The present volume deals less with local and more with national and international matters. It treats of movements and causes: the Progressive Party, world peace, immigration, prohibition, education and the woman's movement. More than ever she is a citizen of the world, but Miss Addams has not changed a whit. She is still the consummate optimist. It seems that her optimism sometimes gets in her way, leaving her blinded and often naïve in the face of some of the realities of life. We only need to mention the futility of her faith in prohibition and the settlement movement, or the innocence of her views on prostitution.

Miss Richmond was not a woman of ardent enthusiasms. Hers was a critical, detached mind. Instead of reaching out to the world, she touched the lives of individuals as here and there they crossed her path. She had a genius for getting at the heart of a problem, for brushing aside verbiage and platitude, and putting things into simple and pertinent terms. Such qualities were sorely needed among charity workers of forty years ago when almsgiving was the most queenly of virtues. From the maudlinism of the old order to the professionalism of present day social work the record is one of persistent though uneven growth. During four decades Miss Richmond was one of the most potent guiding forces, wielding her influence at the very heart of the development. Though she wrote very little about herself, the story is told in a collection of her lectures and papers just published.

For any one interested in the social history of American urban society this collection, entitled *The Long View* (Russell Sage Foundation $3), ought to be lively reading. Any layman interested in the development, organization, objectives and trends of social work can read this book with profit. If Miss Richmond is known at all by the average wide reader it is for her text books on case work, especially for her classic volume on *Social Diagnosis,* the social workers' "Hoyle." As society becomes more complex and baffling in its life, social problems will multiply, hence the need for social work seems on the increase. Personal maladjustments and group maladjustments can no longer be met by the old-fashioned methods of *laissez faire.* This is the burden of social work for the perfection of which Mary E. Richmond worked forty years behind the scenes.

NELS ANDERSON.

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▶▶ The Theatre ◀◀

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

JUST so long as nobody tries to maintain that because it was written by a middle nineteenth century Russian it is therefore an important work of art I'll admit frankly that Jed Harris' production of *The Inspector General (Revizor)*, by Gogol, is great fun. It is a broadly drawn topical political satire, or, perhaps, farce, which will always be topical as long as there are grafting politicians. I hesitate to venture a prediction as to how long that will be, but I think Evangeline Adams will agree that it will be for some time yet. The plot of *The Inspector General* is the simplest possible to be stretched over three acts. A blustering, corrupt mayor of a small town and his officials hear that an inspector general from Petersburg is coming to look over the town, incognito. Such is their perturbation about what he might discover that they at once assume that a penniless, stranded dandy of some twenty-five years of age who cannot pay his bill at the inn is the inspector. They take him out, show him the town after getting him very drunk, and he quite naturally, after finally comprehending the situation, takes advantage of it to the fullest—including making love to both the wife and the daughter of the mayor. This outline, of course, provides for any amount of character bits and fat parts, great fun both to cast and to act. Hence it may be assumed that Mr. Jed Harris and his troupe all had as good a time as we in the audience did. Outstanding in the cast are Romney Brent as the young dandy mistaken for the inspector, Claude Cooper as the mayor, and Lina Abarbanell as his wife. It was somewhat of a surprise to see the talented Dorothy Gish (yes, she of film fame) in an almost infinitesimal part which she plays, needless to say, to perfection. Perhaps she has been reading Stanislavsky who writes that he used to have painted on the walls of all the dressing rooms of the Moscow Art Theatre the aphorism, "There are no small parts; there are only small actors."

Purity, which Florence Reed and the Shuberts have chosen as a vehicle for her return to Broadway, is something from the French of René Wachthausen. In French, played by French actors, it might be convincing, but as done by Miss Reed and her supporting cast it is about as Gallic as the author's name. Speaking of names, the reason for the title, *Purity*, completely eludes me. The play (beg pardon, drama) is all about a middle-aged lower middle class Frenchwoman, Florence Reed, who picks up a destitute, unemployed mechanic, young enough to be her son, Richard Bird, takes him home, feeds him, gives him but does not share her bed, lends him money, falls in love with him and is terribly, terribly hurt and sorry for herself when her despairing passion is unrequited. I understand that *Purity* is to be produced shortly in Paris. There, where they love to take such situations, wring the last drops of false sentiment from them and wallow in them (the more they are overacted the better they like them) it may go. Here, where Motherhood is sacred and the spectacle of an older woman chasing a boy is usually considered either repulsive or ridiculous, *Purity* is only dull and drab. The clashing accents and inadequacy of the cast, apart from Miss Reed, are no help either.

I am unwilling to believe that Jo Millward, billed as the author of *Life Is Like That*, and a Mr. Emery who produced it are not one and the same person. There couldn't have been two people who saw anything in it to make it worth doing. Come to think of it, I'll bet he designed the scene, too, that of a swell penthouse in the East Fifties. It was all of a piece, without a single false note of reality, intended humor, or sense to mar its perfection. I left when the millionaire's wife, who didn't understand him, said to the sweet young thing who did (a musical comedy actress, but pure and undefiled), "I'm going to kill you." "Why?" asked the S.Y.T. "Because it is the duty of women like me to kill women like you who drag men like my husband into the beds of sordid chorus girls."

Recommended Current Plays

Civic Repertory Theatre: Always interesting if not quite professional.
Ruth Draper: The sorceress who makes you see a stageful of people when it's she alone.
Elizabeth the Queen: Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt working perfectly together in a good play.
Fine and Dandy: Not for those to whom Joe Cook is no superman.
Girl Crazy: In which we learn that Delilah was a floozy—to Gershwin music.
Grand Hotel: Sheer German theatre of which a fine cast takes full advantage.
Mrs. Moonlight: Sentiment and whimsy combined so you don't mind either.
Oh, Promise Me: The workings of the breach-of-promise game made most laughable.
Once in a Lifetime: I've just met the first person who wasn't amused.
On the Spot: Edgar Wallace's exciting fun at Chicago's expense.
Smiles: Beautiful and pleasant with the Astaires.
Sweet and Low: Coarse, funny and tuneful.
Vinegar Tree: Mary Boland in an intelligent farce.
The Green Pastures: Now the only holdover from last year. May it continue long!

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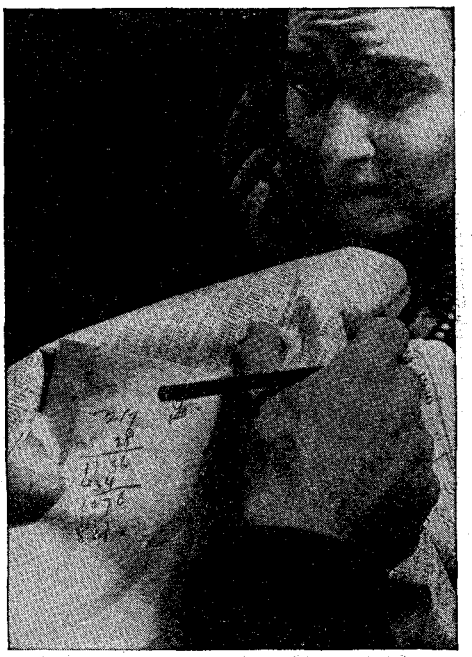

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"The Royal Family of Broadway"

AGAIN a first rate stage play has been transferred to the screen without loss. In this case it is Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman's slightly irreverent but highly amusing story of the Barrymore family at work and at play. I might even go so far as to say that the film version is superior to that seen on Broadway a few seasons ago. Certainly Mr. Frederic March gives the swellest and most fiendishly accurate caricature of John Barrymore yet seen, while Ina Claire does beautifully as Julia Cavendish, who is obviously meant to represent temperamental sister Ethel.

But even if you are not familiar with Tony Cavendish (John) who went to Hollywood to appear in those "all-singing, all-talking, all-awful films," you are sure to find *The Royal Family of Broadway* vastly entertaining. Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman have provided us with three generations of Cavendishes. First there is Fanny Cavendish (Henrietta Crosman), a stormy and imperious old lady who makes it her business to see that none of her descendants deserts the stage; then there are Julia and Tony, and finally there is Gwen (Mary Brian) who slips away and marries a mere businessman for a while. They live an exciting life, these Cavendishes. The younger women are always listening to romantic appeals from gentlemen who want quiet homes and firesides—and then being jerked back to duty either by the old lady or Oscar Wolf, their stage director. But most of the fun comes from brother Tony. Actually Frederic March is the whole show. Dressed for the most part in a pair of shorts and a flying bathrobe, he gives a performance that is positively brilliant.

Out in Hollywood he has practically killed a director in a brawl over some girl. Followed by an immense retinue and a horde of hungry reporters (whom he manages to leave at the door), he dashes into the New York apartment announcing that he must have a passport for Europe immediately. "What?" "Why?" "What happened?" asks the family. To which he answers, "Come upstairs while I take a bath and I'll tell you all about it." Which he does, the family standing around the shower bath meanwhile.

In order to make a better motion picture some of Miss Crosman's longer speeches have been cut and some of the action has been taken outside the apartment, which is all to the good in this particular case.

Worth Seeing

The Blue Angel: Emil Jannings as a pompous German schoolmaster and Marlene Dietrich as a high-powered vaudeville performer. A grand show.

Laughter: Nancy Carroll and Frederic March playing with Donald Ogden Stewart's gay and civilized dialogue.

Min and Bill: Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery as a couple of good-hearted waterfront toughs.

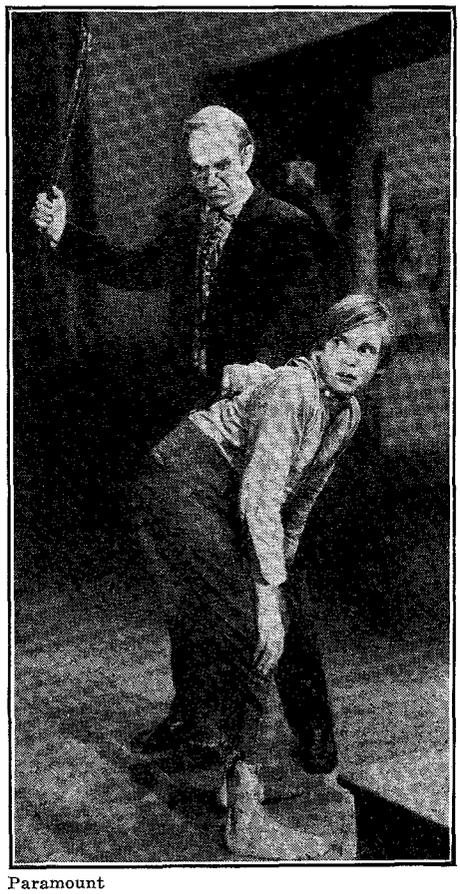
Morocco: Finished performances from Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou.

Sous les Toits de Paris: A French "talking" film which must not be missed under any condition. There is so little actual "dialogue" that you don't need to worry about knowing French.

Tom Sawyer: Mark Twain's Huck and Fin brought to life all over again by Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin. A really grand show.

"New Moon"

Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore both have extremely fine voices, and both are handsome young people, so I suppose the trouble with *New Moon* must be the story. Certainly many of the songs that were in the original Broadway production have been retained, and certainly they are well sung. The trouble is that an operetta plot about a young lieutenant who dares to love a princess who is affianced to his superior officer, even when the officer in question is Adolphe Menjou, is hard to take seriously. There is even a scene in which the proud beauty strikes the presuming lieutenant across the face with her riding whip. Ho, hum. *New Moon* has some pleasant music, but it really isn't very exciting.



Paramount

JACKIE COOGAN RETURNS

The little tramp of "The Kid" takes a licking from Lucien Littlefield in "Tom Sawyer"

A Revival

D. W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation* is going the rounds again, now shortened from three hours to one hour and forty-eight minutes and equipped with a synchronized musical accompaniment and sound effects. The longest and most pretentious motion picture made in America at the time it appeared, it is still the traditional "great" film of all time. Today it carries but little of its old punch. Its photography is jerky, erratic, and ruinous to the eyes. The acting, even that of the lovely Lillian Gish, is of the off-and-on variety. The *Birth of a Nation* opened March 3rd, 1915, at the Liberty Theatre in New York. It was the first film for which a two dollar admission had been asked, and the third of its length, having been preceded only by *Quo Vadis* and *Cabiria.* It was started by Griffith in 1914 very shortly after the movies had migrated from the dank shores of New Jersey to the sunkist groves of California. Originally Griffith was promised financial aid by Felix Kahn, brother of the generous Otto, but the outbreak of the War tied up his funds and the director finally got his cash from a film promoter named Harry Aitken.

The Birth cost $60,000 to produce, and with an additional $50,000 for "advertising and legal fees" the total came to $110,000. To date it has grossed about $12,000,000, some $5,000,000 of which has gone to Griffith. The interiors were filmed in a studio on Sunset Boulevard, while the exteriors of the hooded clansmen riding to the rescue were made on a piece of land about thirty minutes out of Los Angeles. At the time promoters tried to sell this property to Griffith for $5,000. Today it is covered with oil wells and is valued at $25,000,000. Another interesting fact about the old film is that the very minor parts of John Wilkes Booth and General Grant were played by Raoul Walsh and Donald Crisp, who have already taken places among our leading directors.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

A YEAR or more ago we described to you a fuel lift, a sort of dumb waiter for bringing coal or wood up from the cellar into a woodbox or window seat near the fireplace. The same company which makes this lift has now got out a less expensive edition of it, selling for under a hundred dollars. The standard size of this lift is 28 by 16 inches, requiring an opening through the floor two inches wider each way. You can also get special sizes, up to 28 by 24. The more expensive lift comes in larger sizes, and you can have a lift for large logs if you have that kind of a fireplace.

THE Hy-Lo Portable Bridge Table packs up in a carrying case which is a trifle larger than a portable typewriter case. The top is in four hinged sections which can be clamped rigidly in place, and the legs also fold. You can also set it up at half height for meals in bed or on the beach—or on the floor if you like to take 'em that way. We don't, but we just thought we'd tell you.

AND another thing with one of those nauseating made-up names is the Dorgong Chime—which you install instead of an electric bell. When the bill collector pushes the button it gives just one solitary, musical *Dong!* (some consider that *Bong!* is a more accurate rendering) instead of the long trill which usually announces the presence of that individual.

IF YOU'RE just too darn lazy to pick up the ping pong balls when they go on the floor, there's a little net on the end of a stick that may help you. It's made for that purpose.

FOR $3.95 (but wouldn't it be easier to send $4 even, and not bother with all that change?) we know where you can get a green glazed porcelain orange squeezer with a bowl that holds a quart, and a removable reamer on a swivel that revolves automatically with the pressure and gets all the juice.

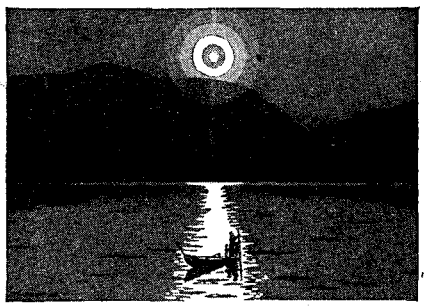
THE Elkay Mfg. Co. advertises a steel shower compartment with a colored shower curtain, mixing valve, and adjustable shower head and arm, which is leakproof and can be installed "in any odd corner." It was that last phrase that sold us. We've got an odd corner in our living room that isn't much good for anything else because it's sort of hemmed in by the radio and the harp, with the grand piano hovering off to the left ready to beat you black and blue if you try to get into it hurriedly. The corner, we mean—not the piano. It's just the place for a shower bath. We never take a shower, can't abide 'em, and we never have any guests, so they don't take 'em, and so it doesn't matter that there isn't any water connection in that corner. Of course some of the people that buy showers must want to take baths in them, and while putting them in odd corners is all right, you can't just put them there as you would a parrot cage or a collection of minerals. There has to be a lot of pipe, unless you want to carry the water from the bathroom in saucepans and things, and even then there ought to be some place for the water to run except just out over the floor. None of the odd corners we have ever seen were equipped with plumbing. How about it, Mr. Elkay?

HERE is a combination lamp and clock which both burns and ticks by electricity. It's a reproduction of an early American candle lamp, 22½ inches tall, in pewter or bronze finish. It holds three bulbs, and the shade is of parchment with the hour numerals decorating its rim. The lamp burns, time passes, and the shade goes round to mark its passage. Operates on A C current, which keeps the time regulated.

WHAT, you ask, is a Sculptograph? Well, it's a sort of three dimensional photograph, made by a process which brings the subject out in a sort of relief. If the relatives are getting fed up with the photographs you give them of yourself, try one of these on them. It's different, anyway. And not expensive.—Or if you think after all that another picture is just too much, get one of the new Victor Radio Electrolas, which has among other things a home recording feature by which you can record your own quips and songs, and make a record to send them.

AND here are two new indoor clothes dryers. An overhead dryer that fastens to the ceiling, and comes down by means of a pulley, to give you with its eight wooden bars, forty feet of drying space. And the Pease Clothes Tree, about 6 feet high, which has three tiers of 12 arms each, mounted so they'll swing around easily and fold up against the shaft when not in use.

LAPLAND



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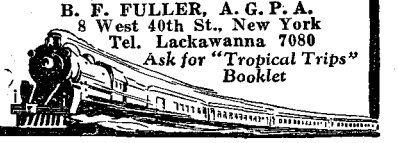

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Harm's Way

THE Inspector was a little late and so it came about that the Doctor waited.

For certainly, thought the Doctor, frowning and looking at his watch, such things must be attended to with formality. And almost immediately, as he began to stride softly up and down the hallway—for he preferred waiting in the hallway, dingy and ghastly though it was—his face assumed an expression of stern formality.

But he went on having his own thoughts just the same. For he was used to that. He was so accustomed, in fact, to conforming to what was expected of him through the posture of his body, the wave of his hand, the muscles of his eyes and mouth, the sudden lift of his head, that by now his body went on obediently of itself while he—the creature, the child in the perambulator—could have his curiosities; his wondering, unnoticed existence.

So now he wondered, in his soft striding and with his look of watchful gravity, what would happen anyway if he should disregard the law, rush into that dreary room and turn the corpse upon its back, make his examination, and hurry out to meet his next appointment? He would probably run into the Inspector upon the doorstep. Then all would depend, he told himself, charmed by the picture of inopportunity, upon the Inspector. If he should be a strong and independent fellow with his own opinion of red tape, he would say carelessly, "All finished, Doctor? Sorry to be late." If, on the other hand, he should be like many a one puffed up with his sense of authority, a bully and a weak man—

And though the Doctor's eyes changed not a muscle his thoughts jumped suddenly inside the room. A weak man. And for the thousandth time, perhaps, he wondered why men did it. He saw again, as he had seen in the first glance, the body fallen desperately upon its face, the right arm doubled under, the left flung out and upward. Yet, in the attitude of the fallen, defeated figure there was something watchful, something that guarded and hid—what? The weapon, naturally, fallen under the body where it lay crouched and huddled. Poor fellow! thought the Doctor. If there had been anything else to hide, it would soon come to light. And he found himself speculating—the fellow had been treasurer—treasurer of some society—And all of that would come to light, he decided abruptly, as well as everything else. He would be this and that, according to the gabble, and nothing hidden; but above everything—weak. And the Doctor found himself wondering, what was weak? One man thick-skinned and healthy, fitted easily for life; another with complicated unprotected nerves—and all the men between. And who had said that one man's weakness was another man's strength? It all went to prove, thought the Doctor, that you couldn't be sure about anything. That you couldn't tell anything for certain.

And as he turned softly on his heel for the twentieth time, the Inspector arrived and the Doctor, with a look of great sagacity, nodded his head at the newcomer.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Doctor," said the Inspector in a businesslike voice. He was a big, husky fellow and it was plain there was no nonsense about him. The fallen figure on the floor inside could hide nothing any longer, now. Perhaps it would have been better, thought the Doctor in a sad whimsy, if he had defied the law and found out for himself what the poor, desperate creature might be guarding from living eyes.

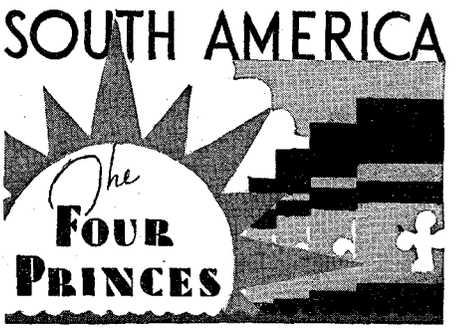
The Inspector opened the door quickly and stepped inside. He took one look at what was on the floor and made but one remark.

"Put himself out of harm's way, eh?" said the Inspector, and, stooping, laid hold of the heavy body and turned it over.

The Inspector, holding the left shoulder in a strong grasp, bent close and turned the body toward himself. And cried out suddenly. Cried out, at the same instant that a pistol held in the stiffening hand of the dead man spurted fire and barked and doubled its new victim on the floor.

The Doctor, starting violently for once, caught the Inspector in his arms, shouting for help, for an ambulance, while he discovered the wound and staunched the blood; while he stared quickly over his shoulder at a dead man's face.

And though his eyes could see there was no doubt, and though his hands worked deftly on by themselves, his mind, like a horrified child struggling to reassure itself, kept on repeating the two words, "Rigor mortis."



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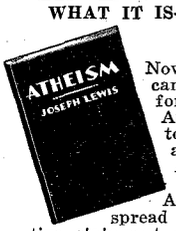

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Gramophonia

Notable New Recordings

INSPIRED perhaps by a reading of Mr. Isaac Goldberg's most interesting book, *Tin Pan Alley*, I feel like having a go at the field of popular records and trying to explain why I consider them of so little importance. Probably the two main reasons are the standardization of both the tunes and the treatment and the fact that even if you haven't a radio yourself your friends indubitably have on which you are bound to hear the hit of the moment plugged with a frequency that a far more robust composition would be unable to withstand.

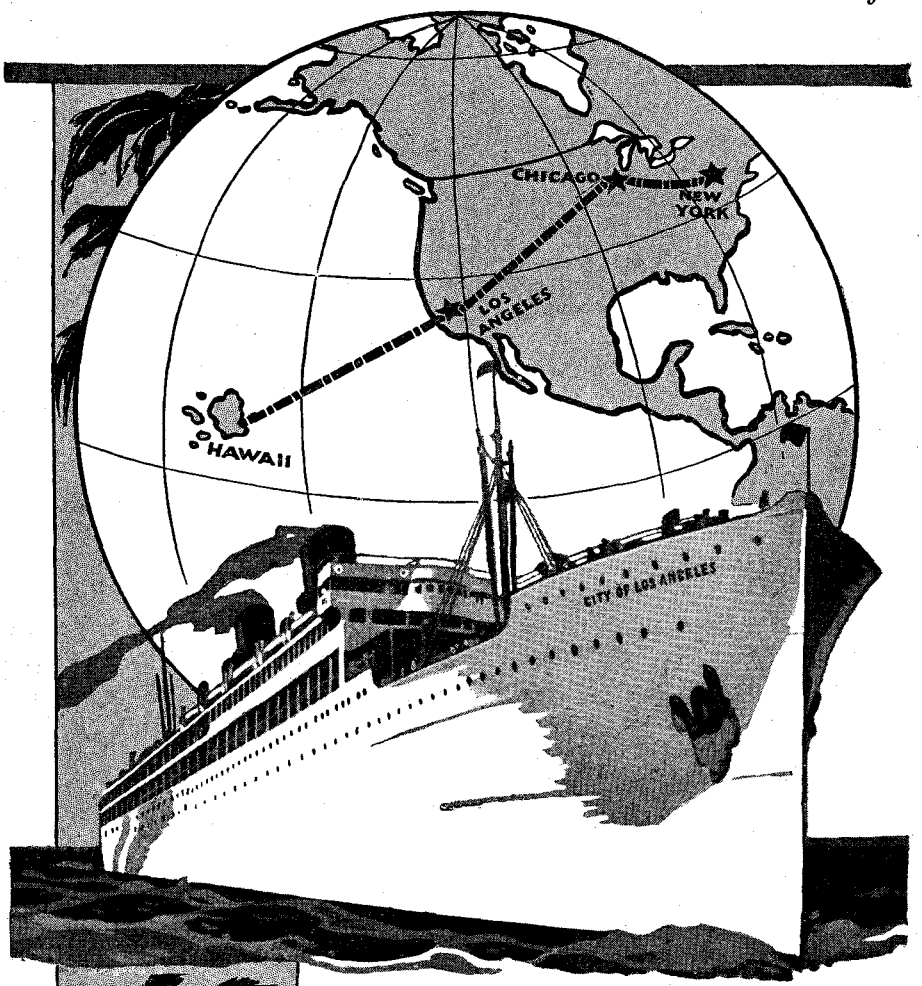
However, there are a few dance orchestras and a few singers of popular songs who are able to impart a degree of personality and originality to their work to make their records worth having. In the dance field there is a gentleman of color who inhabits Harlem but whose renditions of even the most insipid tunes, such as *Confessin'*, gives them a certain lewd virility that is at the same time both repellent and fascinating. I refer to Louis Armstrong, the undisputed master of the jazz trumpet, whose recording, so far as I know, is restricted to his work for Okeh. I challenge anybody to listen to Mr. Armstrong and his orchestra play *If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight* and keep his thoughts on the beatitudes.

Brunswick and Victor share the services, under two names, of another highly individual Negro maestro, Duke Ellington. On the Brunswick disks his orchestra is known as the Jungle Club Orchestra, but nobody could be fooled very long by that. He is the Duke under whatever incognito he may choose to adopt, distinguished by the fact that he records compositions, often his own, which nobody else attempts and plays them in an inimitable fashion. As, for example, *The Mooch*, some time ago for Victor.

Two white orchestras which are not content with routine arrangements are Paul Tremaine's and Guy Lombardo's —both on Columbia. The former specializes in spirituals and Hill-Billies, but the latter, unfortunately, in hits of the moment, although his orchestrations are highly original.

Apart from the work of the above and a few others, my advice is to eschew popular records and listen to the radio if you must have that sort of thing. It's far cheaper and you won't have the problem of disposing of the old disks.

O. C-T.



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Bravery *vs.* Ballyhoo

(Continued from Page 14)

by a re-defining of the Distinguished Flying Cross eligibility rules that will open the doors to those who achieve great things in the air, be they military men or mere civilians. It is really the only way of clearing up the confusion created by both Congress and the military services—a confusion that will ever grow worse under present conditions surrounding the D.F.C. After all, it would be impossible to take the D.F.C. away from any one to whom it has been awarded, even in exchange for a D.F.M. The way to right the wrongs already done is to change the rules openly—not by military subterfuge or Congressional logrolling for those with influence and ballyhoo—and give America's airmen their due on the basis of courage and achievement.

Lunacy and Depression

(Continued from Page 22)

their shoulders was placed a task of the most delicate nature challenging even the resources of the trained social worker.

One incident will illustrate the type of mistake made by the police. Going over the police system of relief with one lieutenant, I was informed that the clearing house made two kinds of responses to requests for information; one was that the applicants were not known to any social agency, the other that the applicants had applied to certain agencies and were known to them. Confident that he had the key to the relief question, the police officer told me that food was furnished to the unknown cases while those known were considered "dead beats." This is the sort of thing that happens when untrained individuals are called upon in an emergency like the present to become social workers overnight, with politicians naïve enough to believe that no further equipment than a willingness to serve is necessary.

It is with such things that Miss Colcord's report deals. At great length is described the work of organizing central remedial measures, the formation of emergency committees, how efforts may be coordinated and resources for relief developed and what may be expected from social agencies.

Finally—and this part covers half of the report—there is a detailed analysis of what a permanent committee on unemployment can accomplish. This most important section deals with long-range planning and discusses provision for regular employment statistics, development of an effective public employment exchange, efforts to bring about regularization of employment by industry, long-range planning of public works, promotion of vocational training, an industrial program for the handicapped, and unemployment insurance which is regarded as "the most logical and practical means of providing against the risks of unemployment for the great majority of wage-earners."

I Am the Law!

(Continued from Page 17)

cials and clerks, we think New York is a mundane example of Hell. It is from our experiences with those persons who represent various institutions that most of us form our attitude toward those institutions. We forget that the law, badly administered as it so often is, none the less makes our civilization possible. To expect the immigrant, the Negro, the corner grocer, the clerk, the barber, the artist, the financier, the druggist, the small boy, to say to himself, "Yes, this policeman is contemptible, and that court official is arrogant, and my personal experience with them has been of petty and insolent injustice at their hands, but, ah, the Law—how great and noble an institution *that* is!" is to expect something entirely contrary to human nature. The point is obvious upon its assertion and needs no argument.

And what can be done about it?

That is not so easily answered. To say that better men should be employed in the lower branches of all government agencies, and that they should be better trained, is obvious enough. But the difficulty remains. How are the better men to be induced to take these posts, and how is the training to be accomplished; and would this actually bring about the desired result?

A chairman of the Board of Public Safety in a large American city once answered the critics of his police department by saying, "I know of no way to induce college graduates to apply for the police force." But it is not a situation which could be solved by bringing in college graduates or in which even a secondary education is a decisive factor. The greater number of policemen and minor officials are competent to fill their present positions. There are thousands of policemen in America who are able, honest, intelligent, and courageous—in brief, a credit to their calling and to the country that has produced them. Most police officials try to make their forces efficient; and laudable progress has been made, especially in the larger cities, by police officers and traffic policemen, in handling the new and gigantic problem of traffic, which arose so suddenly and has grown so rapidly and perplexingly. But the work of these men, and the many like them in other departments of the government, is made infinitely harder by those officials (a minority much too large in numbers) who completely misunderstand the importance of their position and who have no proper realization of their relation to the public and to the state. It is probable that a higher scale of remuneration for the posts in the police department, in the lower positions in the courts, and for all government clerks who come into official contact with the public, would tempt a somewhat higher grade of applicants for the places. With the larger and better reservoir to draw upon, the incompetents could be more quickly replaced, if the higher officials wished.

But the insolent and dishonest official, as distinguished from the incompetent, does not actually show that side to his superior, except in those cases where an entire department is deliberately corrupt. He shows it to the general public only because citizens who observe examples of corruption, insolence, and incompetence are so often unwilling to take the time and the trouble to report cases and follow them up. The corrupt and incompetent will remain in some numbers where they do not belong until the public wishes to take that trouble. That is the only final and complete remedy. There is no applicable magic. One cannot pronounce an incantation and expect the situation to be cured thereby.

Yet great improvement might follow a longer training of minor officials before they come into contact with the public. For the police, training schools exist in many cities. If these were more widely extended, and if all would place more emphasis upon the importance of the policeman's relations to private citizens, and if the policeman could be brought to a greater self-respect and a higher regard for his job by emphasis upon his significant place in determining the public's respect for the law itself, much might be accomplished. It is just as necessary for the same attitude to be developed amongst customs officers, bailiffs, constables, clerks in all state and national government departments, all minor officials generally, by their superiors in office. This is not so impossible as it sounds. It is done, and done successfully, in every well-conducted

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business house in America.

When Sir Robert Peel established the London police force in 1829, it was estimated that one out of every twenty-three citizens of London was a criminal. Highwaymen and footpads abounded. Today the London policeman is the symbol of order. He has been trained to handle crowds and individuals. He respects himself and his place in the life of the community. The London bobby is of more consequence in the life of a Britisher than the policeman in the life of an American. The reason for this is that he does his work better. He commands respect because he is generally fair, kind and even tactful, nearly always honest, and because he respects himself and his calling. One hour in the London streets will convince the casual or the most acute observer that the London policemen are superior on the whole to those in America. One reason for this is that he is more carefully trained for his work than is the American policeman. Over a period of years an able and self-respecting police force has been built. We know that London is more law-abiding than any large American city and that the Englishman has more respect for law than the average American. I believe that there is a relation of cause and effect to be found here. The average Englishman respects the law not only, as has so often been pointed out, because of the prompt and efficient administration of justice, but also because he respects, and respects with reason, the personal representative of the law he sees daily—the London policeman. We can bring about the same result in this country. We have men quite as intelligent and quite as responsive to training. I am no Anglomaniac. There are many things we do far better than the English. But in this particular they excel us, and we should profit by a study of their methods.

We have, among our officials, men and women as able and competent as any of the English public servants. The English have, unquestionably, a few as corrupt and incompetent as any of ours. What is necessary is for us to reduce the large and undesirable minority in this country to an irreducible and, let us hope, an imperceptible minimum. It is easier to improve the work of a comparatively small part of the population than to change the attitude of an entire nation. Greater respect for the law, which every intelligent man of goodwill desires, will follow when the representatives of the law with whom the average citizen comes into daily contact show by their attitude and bearing that the personal representatives of the law are themselves worthy of respect.

The Sage of Helium City

(Continued from Page 20)

tional crimes of the decade in Texas occurred on its streets, and for two weeks nothing was done about it. It was one of those so-called "perfect crimes." The police and private detectives for insurance companies were at sea. The Payne bomb case was too much for them. Briefly the facts were these:

Mrs. A. D. Payne and her ten-year-old son were driving to town in the family car when the boy spoke up: "Mama, look at all that smoke in here. It smells like that fuse I burned in the back yard last Fourth of July." Mrs. Payne replied, "Daddy says if the car begins to smoke to drive faster." It was the last thing she ever said. In a moment a terrific explosion blew the car to bits, killed Mrs. Payne instantly and horribly mangled the boy. But the boy lived and told officers about the odor and what his mother had said. This, coupled with the fact that Payne had lately insured his wife and children for a substantial sum, and the morning of the explosion had said that he would not ride down to his law office but would walk for the exercise, caused instant suspicion of Payne. There was nothing tangible to support an indictment.

Tack was on a hunting trip when the news reached him of the explosion. As time passed and the crime was not solved he cut his vacation, returned to Amarillo and announced in the column that he would devote himself exclusively to a solution of the crime, if crime it was. Payne urged him to do whatever he could to clear away the suspicion in people's minds. Nothing appeared in the column about Howe's activities for several days beyond mock serious references to himself as "Deputy Tack." But he was not marking time. He had telegraphed the *Kansas City Star* for A. B. Macdonald, a veteran investigator.

When Macdonald arrived they went over the case together and then went out to quiz Payne. They inquired particularly as to all the women Payne had known or gone with, all the stenographers he had employed in his office. They were going back to the first principles of *cherchez la femme,* disregarding entirely the too-obvious insurance angle. Their inquiry netted, among others, the name of Mrs. Verona Thompson, who had been Payne's secretary at one time. Both Howe and Macdonald noted that Payne seemed to hurry over her name to the next one, saying only:

"She is very plain and ordinary. No one would ever give her a second look—she is the last person anybody would

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talk about."

Much of Payne's talk was of how much he loved his wife and how attentive he had always been during their married life. He rather overdid it and both Howe and Macdonald came out of the interview convinced that they should see Mrs. Thompson. When she opened the door they noted that, far from being unattractive, she was quite pretty. They walked in. It was Macdonald who spoke up.

"Mrs. Thompson, we are here about a murder case. We hope you will not take offense at our line of questioning," and then, taking a shot at the blue empyrean, he said: "What about these trips you have been taking over the Panhandle with Payne? We know all about them. You may as well tell the truth—it will hurt you if you don't."

The bluff worked. Verona Thompson thought they knew much more than they did. She admitted the trips and after a little more questioning dictated a statement in which she told of the violent love which Payne had made to her from the first day she started to work for him, and of his begging her to marry him after he had "gotten rid" of his family. She thought, she said, he meant to get a divorce, and was horrified when she heard of the tragedy.

Howe went to Mayor Ernest Thompson with his evidence, who immediately ordered the arrest of Payne. His action prevented Payne from mailing two anonymous letters which were in his pocket addressed to the Chief of Police and to the Sheriff of Potter County. They were letters purporting to have been written by a safeblower who had concealed a quantity of nitroglycerine in the Payne car thinking it was his own car of a similar make. Payne tried to explain that the letters had been brought to him by a stranger just five minutes before his arrest, but when the officers showed him the confession of Verona Thompson he knew the game was up, and dictated a statement which for length and detail sets a record in criminal annals. He talked for almost twenty hours, unburdening himself of five other attempts to kill his wife, and appeared anxious only that he be sentenced as quickly as possible. But before he was indicted he smuggled dynamite into his cell, set off the fuse, cried a warning to other prisoners and killed himself. He left a letter of fierce denunciation of Howe and Macdonald, a tribute, in reality, to their sleuthing. The Panhandle, which had at first laughed at the idea of "Deputy Tack" solving the case, were, like the group in the advertisements for self-culture-at-home courses, electrified when he and Macdonald landed their man in jail. Characteristically, Howe now depreciates his part in the solution, and is backing Macdonald for the Pulitzer prize in reporting.

If there were such a thing offered in Amarillo as a prize for civic usefulness, there is no doubt about who would be almost the unanimous choice for it. Gene Howe is the town's Mr. Fixit, as well as the town's knight-errant and laughing philosopher. Besides finding lost dogs, he offers rewards and helps find all other misplaced or stolen articles; finds jobs for the jobless to the extent of 4,000 in the last five years; runs a sort of matrimonial bureau; give orphans Christmas spending money; provides radios for hospitals; makes small loans to thousands, and isn't disappointed when only two of them offer to repay him; goes out in the country and finds a milch goat for strangers with a sick child who telegraph requesting one; investigates labor conditions in the Panhandle by dressing as a working man and applying for a job; writes up those employers who give him an extra-cool reception; runs a clearing house for models of inventions, double-headed cantaloupes, prize squashes, "cures" for all maladies of the flesh from tuberculosis to "jake foot"; spends $15,000 a year on rewards, and on the salaries of five assistants who run errands for subscribers and look up the answers to their questions, which range from the origin of the name of Texas to what kind of winter it is going to be.

In an average day fifty people call on Howe for aid. One time it is Mrs. Fain who asks him to carry a query in his column. Dutifully, and in the most neighborly way possible, the notice appears the next morning: "Who left the chow-chow on the porch of Mrs. John Fain yesterday? The chow-chow was fine and Mrs. Fain wants to thank whoever it was that sent it."

Mrs. Ella Blake comes to see him. Her case is a little more complicated. Her son Robert has been electrocuted by the state of Texas. Before he died, he penned a description of the last days of condemned men in the death house at Huntsville prison, and sold it to the "American Mercury," where playwright John Wexley saw it, was struck by it, and incorporated part of the idea in his play "The Last Mile." Wexley had offered Mrs. Blake a few hundred dollars for the right to use it. What should she do, Mr. Howe? Howe looked up the legal status of the copyright, advanced enough money to take her to New York and back, engaged a lawyer, and telegraphed every city editor in New York to have their feature writers and photographers at the Grand Central. When the white-haired woman stepped off the train there broke such a human interest story as New York seldom reads. It went on the front pages of several papers, with pictures. The theatre was nearly mobbed the night Mrs. Blake attended the show. She and her attorney met Wexley and got a fifth of the royalties, amounting to thousands of dollars. Wexley was repaid by the enormous gains the box office showed after Mrs. Blake's story came out. The publicity, for which Howe had laid the powder train, decidedly helped to make "The Last Mile" one of the dramatic hits of the year.

The most famous column of the Southwest averages, in reality, two columns in length every day. Besides this, Howe publishes a page of readers' letters selected from the daily grist of about one hundred and fifty. These give a cross-section of the Texas mind. They are intensely interesting, but it is Howe's column that really sells the paper. Howe has managed to inject into it an element of continuity such as most comic strips have, and the presence of which in Amos 'n' Andy broadcasts accounts in large measure for the phenomenal popularity of the radio team. A typical instance is the time Tack set out, with flourishes, to disprove the old saying that no one could eat a quail a day for thirty days. He kept it up for twenty-six days before he acknowledged defeat, but meantime all North Texas was watching the experiment with breathless interest, and quail and recipes for cooking them in new and appetizing ways were pouring in.

Except when he is serious, Tack appears in character, usually as the awkward, easily embarrassed butt-of-all-

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of January 3, 1951

"The three major political parties are all dominated by the same type of reactionary," broadcast Professor Norris Holmes Dooley last week. "If we can gather into a new party the genuinely liberal members of the three old organizations, we can elect a President by 1956."

The mysterious collapse of the ice palace at Montreal was attributed by Professor Regus Patoff to the borings of ice worms.

According to the manager of the Outlook Travel Bureau, the traveling public has shown itself willing to pay a premium for transportation on land and air craft equipped with radio silencers protecting passengers from the annoyance of radio broadcasting.

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jests. Frequently, though, he drafts members of his family to bear the brunt—his wife whom he calls "O.W.," presumably for "Old Woman," his fourteen-year-old daughter, "Lollapalooza," and his mother-in-law, "The Standing Army." These three he lampoons unmercifully. Typical is a squib he wrote about his wife:

"O. W. is a great comfort to me in all the troubles I wouldn't have had if I had remained single."

So widely known now are "O. W." and "Lollapalooza" that hardly a day passes but some one rings the Howe door-bell and craves the boon of seeing one or the other of them. They go away, often with a vague dissatisfaction because mother and daughter do not even remotely resemble the scandalous caricatures which are occasionally run in the column. The same may be said of the curious who come to see what Old Tack looks like. They find he does not favor the Turpinesque bust which is at the top of the "Tactless Texan" column, and supposed to be Colonel Erasmus R. Tack. Rather, they find a broad-shouldered, well set up man in the middle forties, somewhat bald, his face firm lined and his ruddy complexion betraying the inveterate duck-hunter. His most noticeable feature is a pair of very direct blue eyes. He is vigorous in action and talk, but he is a better listener than talker. He bears lightly the burden of being the half-owner of fourteen newspapers in Texas and Kansas, of being the most read and discussed "colyumist" in the Southwest, of having a town, the young but growing city of Tack, Texas, named for him. Incidentally, the school at Tack has been formally named the "Mary Garden School."

Such is fame in Texas that if the word gets out in some little outlying town that Tack is there on a hunting trip, they crowd around and want to touch him, for all the world as though he were an Atlantic flier or a movie star.

It merely attests that Gene, the son of Ed, is doing right well at editing a string of small-town papers, at helping everybody out in a neighborly sort of way, and at occasionally writing pieces in his column that make, not only Amarillo, but the whole country sit up and say: "Well, for goodness sakes! Listen to this!"

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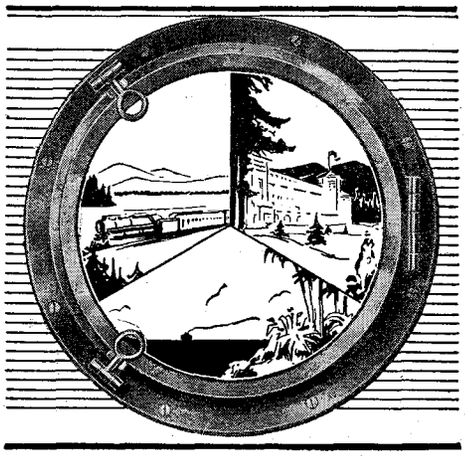
TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



A New Sensation

A swaying dance on a swaying floor . . . It is quite a new sensation, a bit odd, but not unpleasant, to dance uphill and down on a sloping deck. The music on shipboard gives a nightly invitation to dance, and on the cruises setting out for all parts of the world the orchestras are chosen with particular care . . . So are the cooks. . . . The cruise cuisines are famous for the dainty dishes set before the lucky voyagers. Details and information on cruises and independent trips will gladly be furnished by Mrs. Kirkland, *director:*

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU
120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

With Our Readers

The Third Degree

To the Editor: *South Bend, Ind.*

SIR—The third degree and prohibition are topics of intense human interest. Both are ambiguous terms. I am unable to find a satisfactory definition of either.

The third degree, whatever that is, is older than our police system, which is just 101 years of age having been inaugurated by Sir Robert Peel in the City of London in 1829. The so-called third degree existed long before that time in the Inquisitions and military and political tortures of primitive civil and social life. Consequently, the historical horror and odium of the third degree.

Being a former police official and having studied the administration of criminal justice at home and abroad, I have an intimate knowledge of what is commonly called our modern third degree. I prefer to call it our official interview because it is used by prosecuting as well as police officials and used very effectively at times.

Many cases come to the attention of these officials in which the guilt of the accused is morally certain but, because of obsolete rules of evidence, and other legal defects which protect criminals rather than society, a conviction cannot be secured.

The Loeb and Leopold case is one in point and is typical of many in which criminals would have escaped had not prosecuting and police officials elicited tangible evidence of their guilt by procedure which would be inadmissible in court. Under intelligent questioning the weapon, the typewriter and other concrete evidences of guilt were procured. Later on at the trial their counsel sought to suppress this evidence and repudiate the confessions but, although the confessions could have been repudiated, the mute evidence which these confessions produced could not have been denied.

And so there is a place in our modern system of criminal justice for this official interview which to the uninformed and vulgar is none other than the barbarous third degree. And cases are manifold in which proper use of this interview is justified. Abuses may and probably will continue to happen but they are the exceptions and are condemned by all intelligent officials.

The statement of Joseph Baroto, referred to in your editorial of November 19th is no confession, not having furnished tangible evidence of guilt. If secured by torture the guilty officials should be punished. Judge Cardozo's decision was sound. But the popular notion that modern third degree methods are barbarous is about as stupid as the brutal third degree methods which we hear about from time to time.

L. J. LANE.

Sibelius' Symphonies

To the Editor: *Brookline, Mass.*

SIR—I should like to call Marshall Kernochan's attention to the fact that Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is very appreciative of Sibelius and gives due consideration to his compositions on his program. To go back only a short time we find the Boston Symphony Orchestra playing Sibelius' works as follows at the Friday-Saturday concerts:

Oct. 18, 1929	Symphony No. 2
Feb. 28, 1930	" " 6
March 28, 1930	" " 6
December 13, 1930	" " 1

Sibelius' concerto in D minor for violin and orchestra was also played at the February 28, 1930 concert.

This is in answer to Mr. Kernochan's statement appearing in your issue of December 24 that "it is to the everlasting shame of our conductors that we so rarely hear a symphony by Sibelius."

FLORENCE W. SAUNDERS.

Governmental Usurpation

To the Editor: *Chattanooga*

SIR—Your attitude toward the question of prohibition—never a moral question, despite the loose speaking and the studiedly one-sided thinking of men high in government authority and others pretending to gifts of "light and leading"—has been so consistent and sane that the influence of the Outlook must have been exceedingly potential in influencing its tolerant and sound-minded readers who have, doubtless, had much to do in promoting the popular reaction everywhere being manifested toward the Eighteenth Amendment.

Recently rummaging through my old scrapbooks I came across the following expression declared long ago by the late Lyman Abbott, for whose intellect, ideals and sound judgment, especially along spiritual and moral lines, I have always entertained the greatest respect and admiration. He said:

"This [prohibition] was not the method of Jesus. He lived in an age of total abstinence societies and did not join them. He emphasized the distinction between His method and that of John the Baptist by saying that John came neither eating nor drinking. He condemned drunkenness, but never in a single instance lifted up His voice in condemnation of drinking."

This solemn and truthful statement early took root in my mind, effectually eliminating the notion that a drink of wine, beer or even whisky—not to drunkenness—was anti-Christ; and if not anti-Christ then in no way violative of my Christian obligations. It, moreover, settled in my mind that the church is a necessary institution for the maintenance of organized religion and is, therefore, to be faithfully supported. Membership in it and admission to its rules and regulations are not essential to living in accordance with the teachings of Jesus Christ. So I have always felt that when the political parsons of today who, in their puny self-assumed dictatorship seek to ally me, because of my belief, with "drunkards, bums, disorderlies and enemies of religion," they are hurting not alone their cause, but are driving many men such as I from their pews.

On the civil side, I am just as complacent over their abuse . . .

What is it we who are opposing the tyranny of the Eighteenth Amendment are striving against? It is not the "bottle of liquor"—God knows we can get that now, if that was all we wanted, even the kind a mad and bloody government order has not poisoned, if we have the price—we are contending for, but it is against the usurpation of government in its attempt to deny us a right guaranteed every freeman, to live our own lives according to our own will and purpose, provided that, in doing so, we do no harm to our neighbor, that we are striving against and for which we shall contend until the tyranny of bigotry shall have been driven out of our civil life. We shall do this because that right, as Caleb Cushing thundered in his famous defense of John Quincy Adams in the Federal Congress of 1837, "is native, inborn, original, underived, imprescriptible, and acknowledged in the Constitution itself as preeminently before and above the Constitution!" That is what we are and that, I think, is what you are contending for.

And besides we are demanding that we be secure in our persons and property from undue searches and seizures; that we be rid of petty persecutions at the hands of government hirelings; that the crimes of murder, arson, rape, robbery, etc., which the federal arm does not reach, are more heinous than the possession or sale of a pint of whisky, wine, or beer for which thousands of our fellow citizens are annually arrested and punished under a law which seeks to make felonies out of what have from time immemorial been regarded, at worst, as venial vices, social derelictions or offenses against the moral code.

LAPSLEY G. WALKER.

Compliment?

To the Editor: *Belleplain, N. Y.*

SIR—I want to congratulate you on securing and publishing the article, "What's Wrong with Lindbergh," in the issue of December 3. I must confess I took it up with some shrinking, remembering the scurrilousness of some of the previous personal articles you have published. I recall particularly the one on Secretary Wilbur which was just plain mean, and altogether unworthy of a journal of the tone of the Outlook.

But this article on Col. Lindbergh was written by a man with heart and sympathy and is in every way admirable. I wish you could have more of that fair kind.

LAURA J. DURELL.

Sweetness and Light

To the Editor: *Holland, Mich.*

SIR—Your propaganda for saloons, with all the degradation resulting, is the most disgusting, slanderous, treasonable, in all our American journalism; fit product of degenerated billionaires, brewers, and bar-flies.

J. VANDERBEEH.

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